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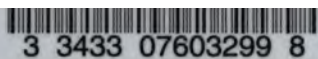
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THE  
OUTCAST,

AND OTHER

POEMS,

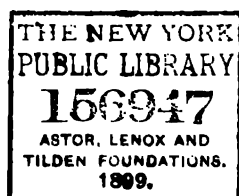
BY

B. G. GOODRICH.

BOSTON,  
RUSSELL, SHATTUCK & WILLIAMS.

1836.





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## PREFACE.

---

THE following poems, which for the most part have already appeared in print, were written within the last ten years, in moments snatched from engrossing cares, and under circumstances little propitious to a cultivation of intercourse with the muse. They were chiefly designed to serve occasional purposes, or to discharge duties arising from the author's editorial connection with a periodical work.

These circumstances are not stated at the bar of criticism, in mitigation of punishment, should the verdict be against the writer; but as a proper confession on the part of him who brings them to market, — that they are not only second-hand articles, but were originally no more than wayside scatterings.

The only apologetic plea which the author ventures to offer, is, that in presenting this work to the public, he assumes no higher responsibility than that of collecting into one volume, what has met with some favor in a more fugitive form, making a few additions thereto. If the public decide that their approval

of what was designed to answer a transient purpose, is not to be extended to it when assuming a more ambitious shape, he is content.

With respect to the two longer pieces in the volume, which are now first published, the writer begs leave to say, that they were sketched some time since, and have lain by in the hope that a period of health and remitted care, might arrive, in which he could give them a form not unworthy of publication ; but as months have passed, and the favoring time seems no nearer than before, he has bestowed upon them such revision as circumstances allowed, and now gives them to the world to take their chance for good or ill.



## DEDICATION.

---

As o'er the pages of the past we turn,  
One leaf with genuine glory seems to burn.  
Not that which pictures to the admiring gaze,  
The hot Crusaders led by Godfrey on—  
Not that which glows with never-dying rays,  
From names like Richard, Conrad, Bohemond !  
Not that which tells of rushing armies led  
By these proud chieftains of the tossing plume—  
How gallant leaders glorious fought and bled,  
And found in Syria's soil a holy tomb.

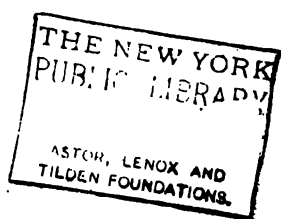
No ! 'tis a page perchance thine eye hath scorned,  
By no proud deeds of chivalry adorned.  
It tells no story of the belted knight,  
No tale of heroes clad in glittering mail—  
Unfolds no picture of the thrilling fight,  
Where horsemen charge, and bleeding cohorts quail.  
'Tis but the legend of a simple band,  
Who spread the sail, and o'er the trackless sea,  
Sought lonely refuge in a savage land,  
Where they might breathe their prayer in liberty.

No inspiration drew they from the peal  
Of stirring clarion, or the trenchant steel—  
The garish trappings of the martial field,  
They left in scorn to those who seek renown.  
Their's was a nobler work ; their sword and shield,  
From heaven's bright armory came shining down.  
Feeling as if the skies were drawn aside,  
And God looked on, unhidden by a veil,  
They braved the tempest and the battling tide,  
Scoffing the winter's blast, and fierce December's hail.

Though spurned by nature, still upon the rock,  
Firm as its base defying every shock,  
They set their foot : though bitter sorrow rolled  
Wave after wave successive o'er the band,  
'Twas sternly met, and nature soon controlled,  
Yielded submissive to their conquering hand.  
The howling panther left his grisly lair,  
The twilight forest stooped before their sway—  
The desert blossomed 'neath their culturing care,  
And dimpling harvests showed the zephyr's play.

This was no conquest of the sword, and yet  
It hath a brighter gleam than e'er was set,  
On hero's glittering blade ; not Godfrey's steel,  
Throws but so glorious, pure and deep,  
As that which burned beneath a chilling seal,  
In the stern pilgrim's bosom ! Doth it sleep ?  
Nay, in the sons of those strong men of old,  
That lurking flame is living, bright, and blest—  
Like snow-capt peaks the outward form is cold,  
But yet they bear deep fires within their breast.

O'er many a forest-shaded hill and stream,  
These sons have borne their father's bosom-beam.  
Far in the West it lights the solitude,  
Spreading its lustre like the march of day—  
And oft encircled by the savage wood,  
The spire and school-house show its glorious ray.  
To these, ye Children of the pilgrim-tie,  
Where'er ye dwell, I dedicate my lyre !  
Pleased if perchance the breath that whispers by,  
May fan the embers of your pilgrim-fire !







I STOOD UNSCATHED WHERE OAKS WERE DASHED  
TO EARTH . . . . . Page 35,

the snows of the mountains  
and the winds of the sea.

## THE GARDEN

### I

So far west \* where no other  
Slender-tiven peaks are known  
Distant glaciers glittering  
Are curtain for the sky;  
There is a scene, where Nature  
In childhood with the boy  
Boys with bubbles, and the  
Early work of man is seen  
There, in her true and  
Yet untouched, the  
It is all her own, the  
Flowers knew, and the  
The only foot in the  
It had ever known  
To wake to every new  
And new robes of the  
In that diu age, when

### 2

★

★



## THE OUTCAST.

### I.

IN the 'far west,' where mountains heave  
Their thunder-riven peaks on high,

And distant glaciers glittering weave,  
A sapphire curtain for the sky ;

There is a scene, where Nature played,  
In frolic childhood with the hills,

As boys with bubbles, and arrayed,  
Her fairy work of rocks and rills.

There, in her trance-like solitude —  
While yet untouched, the virgin spring

Was all her own ; while yet unwooed,  
The flowers knew not the zephyr's wing :

Ere fairy foot had bent the grass :  
Ere yet had come that warrior band,

To wake in every mountain pass,  
The demon echoes of the land :

In that dim age, when moon and sun,

Looked newly down from Heaven, and met  
No crushing foot of mastodon,  
Upon the prairie's bosom set :  
There, joyous in her task, alone,  
As with a lover's soul she wrought,  
From out the rugged crag and stone,  
Visions more beautiful than thought :  
And in that holy hermitage,  
Of forest, river, lake and dell,  
While time himself grew gray and sage,  
The lone Enchantress loved to dwell.

## II.

Ages have flown, — the vagrant gales  
Have found that lonely land ; the flowers  
Have nodded to the breeze ; the vales,  
Long, long, have sheltered in their bowers,  
The forest fairy ; and the race  
Of mastodons have come and gone ;  
And with the stream of time, the chase  
Of bubbling life hath swept the lawn  
Unmarked, save that the bedded clay,

Tells where some giant sleeper lies ;

And wrinkled cliffs, tottering and gray,  
Whisper of crumbled centuries.

Yet here the valley smiles ; the tomb  
Of ages is a garden gay,

And wild flowers freshen in their bloom,  
As from the sod they drink decay.

And creeping things of every hue,  
Dwell in this savage Eden-land,

And all around it blushes new,  
As when it rose at God's command.

Untouched by man, the forests wave,  
The floods pour by, the torrents fall,

And shelving cliff and shadowy cave,  
Hang as bold nature hung them all !

The hunter's wandering foot hath wound,  
To this far scene, perchance, like mine,

And there a forest dreamer found,  
Who walks the dell with spectral mien.

Youthful his brow, his bearing high,  
Yet writhed his lip, and all subdued,

The fire that once hath lit his eye.  
Wayward and sullen oft his mood ;

But he perchance may deign to tell,  
As he hath told to me, his tale,  
In words like these, — while o'er the dell,  
The summer twilight wove its veil.

## III.

Stranger ! these woods are wild and drear ;  
These tangled paths are rough and lone ;  
These dells are full of things of fear,  
And should be rather shunned than known.  
Within yon rocky chasm stoops  
The stealing panther for its prey ;  
And where that wailing willow droops,  
The sliding serpent makes his way.  
In that deep copse the gray wolf howls,  
Dark vultures hover in the air,  
Here by our path the wild cat prowls,  
And near us roams the grisly bear.  
Then stranger turn thy foot away,  
And seek afar the cultured glade,  
Nor dare with reckless step to stray,  
'Mid these lone realms of fear and shade !

You go not, and you seek to hear,  
Why one like me should idly roam,  
'Mid scenes like these, so sad, so drear,  
These rocks my bed, these woods my home ?

## IV.

One crime hath twined with serpent coil,  
Around my heart its fatal fold ;  
And though my struggling bosom toil,  
To heave the monster from its hold —  
It will not from its victim part.  
By day or night, in down or dell,  
Where'er I roam, still, still my heart  
Is pressed by that sad serpent spell.  
Aye, as the strangling boa clings  
Around his prey with fatal grasp,  
And as he feels each struggle, wrings  
His victim with a closer clasp ;  
Nor yet till every pulse is dumb,  
And every fluttering spasm o'er,  
Releases, what, in death o'ercome,  
Can strive or struggle now no more ;



So is my wrestling spirit wrung,  
By that one deep and deadly sin,  
That will not while I live be flung,  
From its sad work of woe within.

## V.

My native hills are far away,  
Beneath a soft and sunny sky ;  
Green as the sea, the forests play,  
'Mid the fresh winds that sweep them by.  
Thou knowest perchance the deep ravine,  
Where pours the broad Potomac's tide ;  
Where beetling rocks and crags between,  
He goes to meet his willing bride ;  
Where curtained round with cliff and cave,  
The Shenandoah yields its breast,  
And blushing gives its gladdened wave,  
To make the bounding billows blest.  
There by the magic hills and streams,  
My infancy was lulled to rest,  
There was the cradle of my dreams,  
In childhood's morning bright and blest.

## VI.

I loved those hills, I loved the flowers,  
That dashed with gems their sunny swells,  
And oft I fondly dreamed for hours,  
By streams within those mountain dells.

I loved the wood — each tree and leaf,  
In breeze or blast, to me was fair,  
And if my heart was touched with grief,  
I always found a solace there.

My parents slumbered in the tomb ;  
But thrilling thoughts of them came back,  
And seemed within my breast to bloom,  
As lone I ranged the forest track.

The wild flowers rose beneath my feet,  
Like memories dear of those who slept,  
And all around to me was sweet,  
Although, perchance, I sometimes wept.

I wept, but not, oh not in sadness,  
And those bright tears I would not smother,  
For less they flowed in grief than gladness,  
So blest the memory of my mother.

And she was linked, I know not why.

With leaves and flowers, and landscapes fair,  
And all beneath the bending sky,  
As if she still were with me there.

The echo bursting from the dell,  
Recalled her song beside my bed,  
The hill-side with its sunny swell,  
Her bosom-pillow for my head.

The breathing lake at even-tide,  
When o'er it fell the down of night,  
Seemed the sweet heaven, which by her side,  
I found in childhood's dreams of light :

And morning, as it brightly broke,  
And blessed the hills with joyous dyes,  
Was like her look, when first I woke,  
And found her gazing in my eyes.

## VII.

Nature became my idol ; wood,  
Wave, wilderness, I loved them all ;  
I loved the forest and the solitude,  
That brooded o'er the waterfall.  
I loved the autumn winds that flew

Between the swaying boughs at night,  
And from their whispers fondly drew  
Wild woven dreams of lone delight.

I loved the stars and musing sought  
To read them in their depths of blue —

My fancy spread her sail of thought,  
And o'er that sea of azure flew.

Hovering in those blest paths afar,  
The wheeling planets seem to trace,

My spirit found some islet-star,  
And chose it for its dwelling place.

I loved the morn, and ere the lay  
Of plaintive meadow-lark began,

'Mid dewy shrubs I tore my way,  
Up the wild crag where waters ran.

I listened to the babbling tide,  
And thought of childhood's merry morn,

I listened to the bird that tried,  
Prelusive airs, amid the thorn.

And then I went upon my way ;  
Yet e'er the sun-rise kissed my cheek,

I stood upon the forehead gray  
Of some lone mountain's dizzy peak.

A ruddy light was on the hill,  
But shadows in the valley slept ;  
A white mist rested o'er the rill,  
And shivering leaves with tear-drops wept.  
The sun came up, and nature woke,  
As from a deep and sweet repose ;  
From every bush soft music broke,  
And blue wreaths from each chimney rose.  
From the green vale that lay below,  
Full many a carol met my ear ;  
The boy that drove the teeming cow,  
And sung or whistled in his cheer ;  
The dog that by his master's side,  
Made the lone copse with echoes ring ;  
The mill that whirling in the tide,  
Seemed with a droning voice to sing ;  
The lowing herd, the bleating flock,  
And many a far off murmuring wheel ;  
Each sent its music up the rock,  
And woke my bosom's echoing peal.

## VIII.

And thus my early hours went o'er :  
Each scene and sound but gave delight ;  
And if I grieved, 'twas like the shower,  
That comes in sunshine, brief and bright.

My heart was like the summer lake,  
A mirror in some valley found,  
Whose depths a mimic world can make,  
More beautiful than that around.

The wood, the slope, the rocky dell,  
To others dear, were dearer yet

To me ; for they would fondly dwell  
Mirrored in memory ; and set

In the deep azure of my dreams  
At night, how sweet they rose to view !

How soft the echo, and the streams,  
How swift their laughing murmurs flew !

And when the vision broke at morn,  
The music in my charmed ear,

As of some fairy's lingering horn, —  
My native hills, how soft, how dear !

## IX.

So passed my boyhood ; 'twas a stream  
Of frolic flow, mid nature's bowers ;

A ray of light — a golden dream —  
A morning fair — a path of flowers !

But now another charm came o'er me :  
The ocean I had never seen ;

Yet suddenly it rolled before me,  
With all its crested waves of green !

Soft sunny islands, far and lone,  
Where the shy petrel builds her nest ;

Deep coral caves to mermaids known —  
These were my visions bright and blest.

Oh ! how I yearned to meet the tide,  
And hear the bristling surges sweep ;

To stand the watery world beside,  
And ponder o'er the glorious deep !

I bade my home adieu, and bent  
My eager footsteps toward the shore,

And soon my native hills were blent,  
With the pale sky that arched them o'er.

Four days were passed, and now I stood

Upon a rock that walled the deep :  
Before me rolled the boundless flood,  
A glorious dreamer in its sleep.  
'Twas summer morn, and bright as heaven ;  
And though I wept, I was not sad,  
For tears, thou knowest, are often given  
When the o'erflowing heart is glad.  
Long, long I watched the waves, whose whirls  
Leaped up the rocks, their brows to kiss,  
And dallied with the sea-weed curls,  
That stooped and met, as if in bliss.  
Long, long I listened to the peal,  
That whispered from the pebbly shore,  
And like a spirit seemed to steal  
In music to my bosom's core.  
And now I looked afar, and thought  
The sea a glad and glorious thing ;  
And fancy to my bosom brought  
Wild dreams upon her wizard wing —  
Her wing that stretched o'er spreading waves,  
And chased the far off flashing ray,  
And hovering deep in twilight caves,  
Caught the lone mermaid at her play.



## X.

Thus, thus the sunny day went by,  
And night came brooding o'er the seas ;  
A thick cloud swathed the distant sky,  
And hollow murmurs filled the breeze.

The white gull screaming, left the rock,  
And seaward bent its glancing wing,  
While heavy waves, with measured shock,  
Made the dun cliff with echoes ring.

How changed the scene ! The glassy deep  
That slumbered in its resting-place,  
And seeming in its morning sleep  
To woo me to its soft embrace ;

Now wakened was a fearful thing,  
A giant with a scowling form,  
Who from his bosom seemed to fling  
The blackened billows to the storm.

The wailing winds in terror gushed  
From the swart sky, and seemed to lash  
The foaming waves, which madly rushed  
Toward the tall cliff with headlong dash.  
Upward the glittering spray was sent,

Backward the growling surges whirled,  
And splintered rocks by lightnings rent,  
Down thundering midst the waves were hurled.  
I trembled, yet I would not fly ;  
I feared, yet loved, the awful scene ;  
And gazing on the sea and sky,  
Spell bound I stood the rocks between.

## XI.

'Twas strange that I, a mountain boy,  
A lover of green fields and flowers,  
One, who with laughing rills could toy,  
And hold companionship for hours,  
With leaves that whispered low at night,  
Or fountains bubbling from their springs,  
Or summer winds, whose downy flight,  
Seemed but the sweep of angel wings :  
'Twas strange that I should love the clash  
Of ocean in its maddest hour,  
And joy to see the billows dash  
O'er the rent cliff with fearful power.  
'Twas strange, — but I was nature's own,

Unchecked, untutored ; in my soul

A harp was set that gave its tone  
To every touch without control :

The zephyr stirred in childhood warm,  
Thoughts like itself, as soft and blest ;

And the swift fingers of the storm  
Woke its own echo in my breast.

Aye, and the strings that else had lain  
Untouched, and to myself unknown,

Within my heart, gave back the strain  
That o'er the sea and rock was thrown.

Yes, and wild passions, which had slept  
Within their cradle, as the waves

At morning by the winds unswept,  
Rippling within their infant caves —

Now wakened into billows rose,  
And held communion with the storm :

I saw the air and ocean close  
In deadly struggle ; marked the form

Of the dun cloud with misty wing,  
That wrestled with the giant main ;

I saw the racing billows spring  
Like lions leaping from the plain ;

I saw the surf that upward threw  
Gray pyramids of foam to heaven ;  
I heard the battle cry that flew  
Along the cliff, as though t'were given  
To cheer the elemental war ;  
I heard the wild bird screaming near ; —  
I felt the rock beneath me jar,  
As if the granite thrilled with fear ;  
I saw, I heard, yet in my heart  
The cloud, the cliff, the billow seemed  
As of myself an imaged part,  
Things I had seen, or oft had dreamed ;  
And in my ear, the thundering tide  
Was music, and the ocean's moan  
An echo of my spirit, wide  
As the wave, and stormy as its own.

## XII.

So passed my morning dreams away,  
Like birds that shun a wintry cloud,  
And phantom visions, grim and gray,  
Came mist-like from the watery shroud :

Prophetic visions of the deep,  
Emblems of those within the breast,  
Which, summoned from their shadowy sleep,  
Ride on the storm by passion pressed !

In ghastly shapes they rose to view,  
All gibbering from their chrystal caves,  
As if some horrid mirth they drew  
From the wild uproar of the waves.

With beckoning hands they seemed to urge  
My footsteps down the dizzy way,

To join their train upon the surge,  
And dance with them amidst the spray :

And such the madness of my brain,  
That I was fain to seek the throng ;

To meet and mingle on the main,  
With their mad revelry and song.

One step, and down the dizzy cliff,  
My form had to the waters swung,

But gliding in a wreathy skiff,  
That o'er the crested billows hung,

A white form like my mother seemed  
To shine a moment on my eye, —

With warning look the vision gleamed,  
Then vanished upward to the sky !

## XIII.

Stranger ! a smile is on thy brow :  
Perchance you count it but a dream :  
    Illusion then — illusion now ;  
But listen to my wayward theme.  
    I was my mother's only child,  
And she was early ta'en away ;  
    Say, is it but a fancy wild,  
To deem that lingering she might stay,  
    Around the dearest thing on earth,  
And with her spirit lip to kiss  
    The form, whose being and whose birth,  
Was all her sorrow and her bliss ?  
    Why else in childhood's changeful hour,  
Seemed she to breathe with me the breeze ?  
    Why spoke of her each leaf and flower,  
But that she hovered still with these ?  
    And if to heaven her spirit flew,  
Did she not bear a chain above,  
    That oft would draw a backward view,  
And bring her down on wings of love ?  
    Yes, in her high and happy home,

Thoughts of her child would steal her joy,  
And watchful she would stooping come  
To shield her wild and wayward boy !  
Stranger ! you see yon ivy twined,  
As if to spurn the whirlwind's shock,  
You see the braided roots that bind  
Yon towering cedar to the rock !  
Poor emblems of the strings that tie  
Her offspring to a mother's heart,  
For these will mouldering, yield and die,  
But those can never, never part.

## XIV.

You doubt ? Unseen by thee, perchance,  
An eagle soars in yonder cloud !  
I see his wheeling pinions glance  
In glory, midst the vapory shroud.  
Hushed in the lap of silence seems  
This scene to thee, yet far I hear  
Arkansas' waves, like distant dreams  
Come whispering to my practised ear.  
I mark the gray and ghost-like peaks

Of mountains, far beyond thy ken,  
Where the blue, wrinkled lightning streaks,  
And thunders speak their deep amen :

I hear, I see ; but duller sight  
May deem it fancy's idle whim ;  
And shall my eye refuse the light,  
Because another's eye is dim ?

Stranger ! I mark at midnight hour,  
Where silence walks with downy feet,  
Things it would make thy bosom cower,  
In the lone wilderness to meet.

And well I deem that earth and sky  
Are bound by ties to thee unseen,

And spirit pinions lightly fly,  
O'er the wide gulf that yawns between.

Yes, and as oft the beckoning breeze  
Calls to the rose with many a sigh,

Till swift, the willing odor flees  
With its light lover though the sky ;

So are our bosoms woed and won,  
By those whose pinions breathe of Heaven ,  
And holy ties on earth begun,  
Link us in dreams with those forgiven.



## XV.

I left the thundering tide, and sought  
Once more the mountain and the stream ;

But long the wrestling ocean wrought  
Within my bosom : as a dream

My boyhood vanished, and I woke  
Startled to manhood's early morn ;

No father's hand my pride to yoke,  
No mother's angel voice to warn.

No, — and the gentle vision, lost,  
That once could curb my wayward will,  
And lull my bosom passion-tossed,  
With one soft whisper, 'peace, be still !' —

That vision, spurned by manhood's pride,  
Came down from heaven to me no more,  
And I was launched without a guide,  
To be a wreck on passion's shore.

Alas ! the giddy bark at sea,  
'Mid waves that woo it down to death,  
From helm and compass wafted free,  
The toy of every tempest's breath, —  
Is but a type of him who goes,

Trusting to nature, on the tide

Of life, where breezy passion blows,  
To whelm the adventurer in his pride.

Yes, for the smoothest lake hath waves  
Within its bosom, which will rise

And revel when the tempest raves ;  
The cloud will come o'er gentlest skies ;

And not a favored spot on earth,  
The furrowing ploughman finds, but there

The rank and ready weeds have birth,  
Sown by the winds to mock his care.

'Tis thus with every human heart ;  
The seeds of ill are scattered wide,

And flaunting flowers of vice will start  
Thick o'er the soil they seek to hide.

Aye, and the gentleness of youth,  
That seems some hill-side sown with flowers,

Odorous, as if with budding truth,  
Shoots into wild fantastic bowers.

The spark forever tends to flame ;  
The ray that quivers in the plash

Of yonder river, is the same  
That feeds the lightning's ruddy flash.

The summer breeze that fans the rose,  
Or eddies down some flowery path,  
Is but the infant gale that blows  
Tomorrow with the whirlwind's wrath.

And He alone, who wields the storm,  
And bids the arrowy lightning play,  
Can guide the heart, when wild and warm,  
It springs on passion's wings away !

One angel minister is sent,  
To guard and guide us to the sky,  
And still her sheltering wing is bent,  
Till manhood rudely throws it by.

Oh, then with mad disdain we spurn  
A mother's gentle teaching ; throw  
Her bosom from us, and we burn,  
To rush in freedom, where the glow  
Of pleasure lights the dancing wave :  
We launch the bark, we woo the gale,  
And reckless of the darkling grave  
That yawns below, we speed the sail !

## XVI.

Stranger ! a murderer stands before thee !  
To tell the guilty tale were vain —

It is enough — the curse is o'er me —  
And I am but a wandering Cain.

What boots it that the world bestows,  
For deeds of death its honors dear ?

The blood that from the duel flows,  
Will cry to heaven, and heaven will hear !

'Thou shalt not kill !' T'was deeply traced  
In living stone, and thunder-sealed ;

It cannot be by man effaced,  
Or fashion's impious act repealed.

And though we seek with thin deceit,  
To blind Jehovah's piercing gaze,

Call murder, honor, — can we cheat  
The Omniscient with a specious phrase ?

Alas ! 'tis adding crime to crime,  
To veil the blood our hands have spilt,  
And seek by words of softening chime,  
To lend blest virtue's charm to guilt.

No ! No ! in vain the world may give

The fearful deed a gentle name ;

I slew my friend, and now I live  
To feel perdition's glowing flame.

His missile cut the upward air —  
Mine, winged with murder won its way,  
Straight to his manly bosom, — there  
He fell, unconscious as the clay !

One thrill of triumph through me swept, —  
But, as I gazed upon his brow,  
A chilling horror o'er me crept, —  
And I am what thou seest now !

#### XVII.

I wandered forth, I wandered far ;  
In dank lagoons where reptiles fed, —  
Where oozy swamps, with shuddering jar  
Seemed shrinking from my maniac tread,  
I strode at noon, I slept at night, —  
The scaly lizard fled in fear,  
The stealing serpent shunned my sight,  
But shook his warning rattle near.  
I climbed the cliff where thunders spoke —

I wooed the lightning, but the flash

Refused to strike me — yet its stroke  
Rent at my feet the quivering ash !

I met a whirlwind in its wrath, —  
Like a swift chariot-wheel it crashed

The reeling forest in its path —  
I stood unscathed where oaks were dashed  
To earth ! I sought the mountain ; there  
The bear fled howling to his den —

The wolf yarred at me, and his glare  
Lit the dark hollows of the glen.

The startled wild horse from me flew,  
Rending the rock with clattering heel ;

The panther shrunk before my view,  
But woke the wood with wailing peal.

Within a cave I made my bed, —  
Red adders came like spectres gay —

In wild festoons above my head,  
They mocked my slumbers with their play.

I saw them in their horrid dies,  
Lighting the chasms dim and deep —

Like writhing yeast their gleamy eyes,  
All bubbling o'er the braided heap.

My mind grew dark — my gloomy breast  
Was like some grisly glen at night,

Where vultures startled from their rest,  
Steal glimmering to the cheated sight —

Where panthers howling in their caves  
Waken the ear with accents fell;

Where sighing woods and gurgling waves,  
Bespeak some night-mare of the dell.

I wandered on — and years have flown  
Since I have dwelt a hermit here —

My food, wild fruits — my bed, a stone —  
My drink, yon rippling waters clear.

## XVIII.

Stranger, thy bosom cannot know  
The desolation of the soul,

When the rough gale hath ceased to blow,  
Yet o'er it bids the billow roll.

A helmless wreck upon the tide,  
An earthquake's ruin wrapped in gloom,

A gnarled oak blasted in its pride —  
Are feeble emblems of my doom.

There is a tongue in every leaf,  
A sigh in every tossing tree,

A murmur in each wave ; of grief  
They whisper, and they speak to me.

Nature hath many voices — strings  
Of varied melody : and oft

Lone spirits come on breezy wings,  
To wake their music sad or soft.

But in the wilderness, where heaven  
Is the wrapt listener, the tone

Is ever mournful : there is given,  
A chorus for the skies, alone.

At night, when the pale moonlight falls  
O'er prairies, sleeping like a grave,

And glorious through these mountain halls,  
Pours in a flood its silvery wave —

I climb the cliff, and hear the song,  
That o'er the breast of stillness steals :

I hear the cataract thundering strong  
From far ; I hear the wave that peals

Along the lone lakes pebbly shore ;  
I hear the sweeping gust that weaves

The tree tops, and the winds that pour



In rippling lapses through the leaves.

And as the diapason sweeps  
Across the breast of night, the moan  
Of wolves upon the spirit creeps,  
Lending the hymn a wilder tone.

The panther's wail, the owlet's scream,  
The whippoorwill's complaining song,  
Blend with the cataract's solemn theme,  
And the wild cadences prolong.

And often when the heart is chilled  
By the deep harmony, the note  
Of some light-hearted bird is trilled  
Upon the breeze : how sweet its throat !

Yet, as a gem upon the finger  
Of a pale corse, deepens the gloom,  
By the bright rays that laugh and linger  
In the dim bosom of the tomb ;

So doth the note of that wild bird,  
Deepen the anthem of the hills,  
And my hushed bosom spirit-stirred,  
With lonelier desolation thrills.

## XIX.

You bid me pray ! aye, I have prayed !  
Each cliff and cave, each rock and glen,  
Have heard my ardent lips invade  
The ear of Heaven, — again, again.  
And in the secret hour of night,  
When all-revealing darkness brings  
Its brighter world than that of light —  
My spirit borne on wizard wings,  
Hath won its upward way afar,  
And ranged the shoreless sea of dreams —  
Hath touched at many a wheeling star  
That shines beyond these solar beams ;  
And on the trackless deep of thought,  
Like him, who found this western world,  
Mid doubt and storm my passage wrought,  
Till weary fancy's wing was furled —  
And, as the sky-bent eagle, borne  
Down by the lightning blast of heaven,  
So was my outcast spirit torn,  
And backward to its dwelling driven.  
Yet not in vain, perchance my tears,

My penitence, my patient prayer,  
For, softened with the flow of years,  
My breast is lightened of its care.  
And once at night when meteors flew  
Down on their glittering wings from Heaven,  
My mother's spirit met my view,  
Whispering of peace and sin forgiven !  
Yet, though my lip to thee confess  
My wrestling bosom's sweet relief,  
Think not I count my crime the less,  
That pitying Heaven hath soothed my grief.  
No, yon wild-rose hath sweet perfume  
To scatter on this ' desert air ;'  
Yet, hid beneath its fragrant bloom,  
Sharp thorns are set, the flesh to tear.  
And thus, repentance, while it brings  
Forgiveness to the broken heart,  
Still leaves contrition's thousand stings  
To waken sorrow with their smart.

## XX.

Such is my story — this my home, —  
And I the monarch of the dell —

Above my head, the forest dome,  
Around, the battlements that swell  
To heaven, and make my castle strong.

My messengers are winds that lave  
Far reedy shores, and bring me song,  
Blent with the murmurs of the wave.

And birds of every rainbow hue,  
The antelope, and the timid deer,  
The wild goat mingling with the blue  
Of heaven on yonder rock, are here.

And oft at morn, the mocking-bird  
Doth greet me with its sweetest lay ;  
The antelope, where the bush is stirred,  
Looks from his cover on my way.

I would not break the spider's thread,  
The buzzing insects all are free ;

I crush no toad beneath my tread,  
The lizard crawls in liberty !

I harm no living thing ; my sway  
Of peace, hath soothed the grumbling bear,

The wolf walks by in open day,  
And fawns upon me from his lair.

Aye, and my heart hath bowed so low,  
I gather in this solitude,  
Joy from the love that seems to flow,  
From these brute tenants of the leafy wood.

## XXI.

Stranger, farewell ! The deepening eve doth warn  
And the mild moonlight beckons thee away ;

And, ere the lingering night shall melt to morn,  
Let thy swift foot across the prairie stray.

Nay, tempt me not ! for I alone am cast,  
A wretch from all I used to grieve or bless ;  
And doomed to wail and wander here at last,  
Am deeply wedded to the wilderness.

Thy hand again shall feel the thrilling grasp  
Of friendship — and thine ear shall catch the tone  
Of joyous kindred ; and thine arm shall clasp,  
Perchance, some gentle bosom to thine own.

Oh God ! 'tis right — for he hath never torn,  
With his own daring hand the thread of life —  
He ne'er hath stolen thy privilege, or borne  
A fellow mortal down in murderous strife !

## XXII.

Stranger, farewell ! these woods shall be my home,  
And here shall be my grave ! My hour is brief,

But while it lasts, it is my task to roam,  
And read of Heaven from nature's open leaf.

And though I wander from my race away,  
As some lone meteor, dim and distant, wheels

In wintry banishment, where but a ray  
Of kindred stars in timid twilight steals —

Still will I catch the light that faintly falls  
Through my leaf-latticed window of the skies,

And I will listen to the voice that calls  
From Heaven, where the wind stricken forest sighs.

And I will read of dim creation's morn,  
From the deep archives of these mossy hills —

On wings of wizard thought, my fancy borne  
Back by the whispers of these pouring rills —

Shall read the unwritten record of the land —  
For God, unwitnessed here hath walked the dell,  
These cliffs have quivered at his loud command,  
These waters blushed, where his deep shadow fell !

And at his bidding, mid these solitudes,

The ebb and flow of life have poured their waves,  
Till Time, the hoary sexton of these woods,  
Despairing, broods o'er the uncounted graves.

And warrior tribes have come from some far land,  
And made these mountains echo with their cry —

And they have mouldered—and their mighty hand  
Hath writ no record on the earth or sky !

And mid the awful stillness of their grave,  
The forest oaks have flourished ; and the breath

Of years hath swept their races, wave on wave,  
As ages fainted on the shores of death.

The tumbling cliff, perchance hath thundered deep.  
Like a rough note of music in the song

Of centuries, and the whirlwind's crushing sweep,  
Hath ploughed the forest with its furrows strong.

And though these legends, like the eddying leaves  
Of autumn, scattered by the whirlwinds breath,

Are borne away where dim Oblivion weaves  
Her shroud, within the rayless halls of death ;

Still, in these gothic chambers of the past,  
Whose arches rise to heaven, and show

Against the raven sky, black tracery cast,  
As if an ebon forest there did throw

Its bending branches — I will thread my way,  
And wake the giant spectres of the tomb ;  
With fancy's wand I'll chase the phantoms gray,  
And burst the shadowy seal that shrouds their doom.  
Thus shall the past its misty lore unfold,  
And bid my soul on nature's ladder rise,  
Till I shall meet some clasping hand, whose hold  
Shall draw my homesick spirit to the skies.

## XXIII.

Farewell ! the thread of sympathy that tied  
My heart to man is sundered, and I go  
To hold communion with the shades that glide,  
Wherever forests wave, or waters flow.  
And when my fluttering heart shall faint and fail,  
These limbs shall totter to some hollow cave,  
Where the poor dreamer's dream shall cease. The  
gale  
Shall gather music from the wood and wave,  
And pour it in my dying ear ; the wing  
Of busy zephyrs to the flowers shall go,  
And from them all their sweetest odors bring,



To sooth, perchance, their fainting lover's wo.

My sinking soul shall catch the dreamy sound  
Of far off waters, thundering to their doom,  
And eddying winds, from distant mountains bound,  
Shall come to sing a requiem round my tomb.

The breeze shall o'er me weave a leafy shroud,  
And I shall slumber in the shadowy dell—

Till God shall rend the spirit's darkling cloud,  
And give it wings of light. Stranger, Farewell!

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## THE LEAF.

It came with spring's soft sun and showers,  
Mid bursting buds and blushing flowers ;  
It flourished on the same light stem,  
It drank the same clear dews with them.  
The crimson tints of summer morn  
That gilded one, did each adorn :  
The breeze that whispered light and brief  
To bud or blossom; kissed the leaf ;  
When o'er the leaf the tempest flew,  
The bud and blossom trembled too.

But its companions passed away,  
And left the leaf to lone decay.  
The gentle gales of spring went by,  
The fruits and flowers of summer die.  
The autumn winds swept o'er the hill,  
And winter's breath came cold and chill.  
The leaf now yielded to the blast,

And on the rushing stream was cast.  
Far, far it glided to the sea,  
And whirled and eddied wearily,  
Till suddenly it sank to rest,  
And slumbered in the ocean's breast.

Thus life begins — its morning hours,  
Bright as the birthday of the flowers —  
Thus passes like the leaves away,  
As withered and as lost as they.  
Beneath the parent roof we meet  
In joyous groups, and gaily greet  
The golden beams of love and light,  
That dawn upon the youthful sight.  
But soon we part, and one by one,  
Like leaves and flowers, the group is gone.  
One gentle spirit seeks the tomb,  
His brow yet fresh with childhood's bloom :  
Another treads the paths of fame,  
And barter peace to win a name.  
Another still, tempts fortune's wave,  
And seeking wealth, secures a grave.  
The last, grasps yet the brittle thread —

Though friends are gone and joy is dead,  
Still dares the dark and fretful tide,  
And clutches at its power and pride —  
Till suddenly the waters sever,  
And like the leaf he sinks forever.

## LAKE SUPERIOR.

‘Father of Lakes!’ thy waters bend  
Beyond the eagle’s utmost view,  
When throned in Heaven, he sees thee send,  
Back to the sky its world of blue.

Boundless and deep, the forests weave  
Their twilight shade thy borders o’er,  
And threatening cliffs, like giants, heave  
Their rugged forms along thy shore.

Pale silence, mid thy hollow caves,  
With listening ear, in sadness broods,  
Or startled Echo, o’er thy waves,  
Sends the hoarse wolf-notes of thy woods.

Nor can the light canoes that glide  
Across thy breast like things of air,  
Chase from thy lone and level tide,  
The spell of stillness deepening there.

Yet round this waste of wood and wave,  
Unheard, unseen, a spirit lives,  
That breathing o'er each rock and cave,  
To all, a wild, strange aspect gives.

The thunder-riven oak that flings  
Its grisly arms athwart the sky,  
A sudden, startling image brings  
To the lone traveller's kindled eye.

The gnarled and braided boughs, that show  
Their dim forms in the forest shade,  
Like wrestling serpents seem, and throw  
Fantastic horrors through the glade.

The very echoes round this shore  
Have caught a strange and gibbering tone,  
For they have told the war-whoop o'er,  
Till the wild chorus is their own.

Wave of the wilderness, adieu !  
Adieu, ye rocks, ye wilds, ye woods !  
Roll on thou element of blue,  
And fill these awful solitudes !

Thou hast no tale to tell of man —  
God is thy theme. Ye sounding caves !  
Whisper of Him, whose mighty plan  
Deems as a bubble all your waves !

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## THE SEA-BIRD.

Far, far o'er the deep is my island throne,  
Where the sea-gull roams and reigns alone ;  
Where nought is seen but the beetling rock,  
And nought is heard but the ocean-shock,  
And the scream of birds when the storm is nigh,  
And the crash of the wreck, and the fearful cry  
Of drowning men, 'in their agony.'

I love to sit, when the waters sleep,  
And ponder the depths of the glassy deep,  
Till I dream that I float on a corse at sea,  
And sing of the feast that is made for me.  
I love on the rush of the storm to sail,  
And mingle my scream with the hoarser gale :  
When the sky is dark, and the billow is high,  
When the tempest sweeps in its terror by,  
I love to ride on the maddening blast,  
To flap my wing o'er the fated mast,



And sing to the crew a song of fear,  
Of the reef and the surge that await them here.

When the storm is done and the revel is o'er,  
I love to sit on the rocky shore,  
And tell to the ear of the dying breeze,  
The tales that are hushed in the sullen seas, —  
Of the ship that sank in the reefy surge,  
And left her fate to the sea-gull's dirge —  
Of the lover that sailed to meet his bride,  
And his story gave to the secret tide —  
Of the father that went on the trustless main,  
And never was met by his child again —  
Of the hidden things which the waves conceal,  
And the sea-bird's song can alone reveal.

I tell of the ship that hath found a grave —  
Her spars still float on the restless wave,  
But down in the halls of the voiceless deep,  
The forms of the brave and the beautiful sleep.  
I saw the storm as it gathered fast,  
I heard the roar of the coming blast,  
I marked the ship in her fearful strife,

As she flew on the tide, 'like a thing of life.'  
But the whirlwind came, and her masts were  
    wrung  
Away, and away on the waters flung ;  
I sat on the gale o'er the sea-swept deck,  
And screamed in delight o'er the coming wreck —  
I flew to the reef with a heart of glee,  
And wiled the ship to her destiny.  
On the hidden rocks like a hawk she rushed,  
And the sea through her riven timbers gushed —  
O'er the whirling surge the wreck was flung,  
And loud on the gale wild voices rung.  
I gazed on the scene — I saw despair  
On the pallid brows of a youthful pair.  
The maiden drooped like a gentle flower,  
That is lashed by the gale in its quivering bower —  
Her arms round her lover she wildly twined,  
And gazed on the sea with a wildered mind.  
He bent o'er the trembler, and sheltered her form,  
From the plash of the sea, and the sweep of the  
    storm ;  
But wo to the lover, and wo to the maid,  
Whose hopes on the treacherous deep are laid !

For the sea hath a King whose palaces shine,  
In lustre and light down the pearly brine,  
And he loves to gather in glory there,  
The choicest things of the earth and air.  
In his deep saloons with coral crowned,  
Where gems are sparkling above and around,  
He gathers his harem of love and grace,  
And beauty he takes to his cold embrace.  
The winds and the waves are his messengers true,  
And lost is the wanderer whom they pursue.  
They sweep the shore, they plunder the wreck,  
His stores to heap, and his halls to deck.  
Oh ! lady and lover, ye are doomed their prey —  
They come ! they come ! ye are swept away !  
Ye sink in the tide, — but it cannot sever  
The fond ones who sleep in its depths forever !

Wild ! wild was the storm, and loud was its roar,  
And strange were the sights that I hovered o'er, —  
I saw the babe with its mother die ;  
I listened to catch its parting sigh ;  
And I laughed to see the black billows play  
With the sleeping child in their gambols gay.

I saw a girl whose arms were white  
As the foam that flashed on the billows' height,  
And the ripples played with her glossy curls,  
And her cheek was kissed by the dancing whirls ;  
But her bosom was dead to hope and fear,  
For she shuddered not as the shark came near.  
I poised my foot on the forehead fair  
Of a lovely boy that floated there —  
I looked in the eyes of the drowning brave,  
As they upward gazed through the glassy wave —  
I screamed o'er the bubbles that told of death,  
And stooped as the last gave up his breath.  
I flapped my wing, for the work was done,  
The storm was hushed, and the laughing sun  
Sent his gushing light o'er the sullen seas —  
And I tell my tale to the fainting breeze,  
Of the hidden things which the waves conceal,  
And the sea-bird's song can alone reveal.

## THE OLD OAK.

Friend of my early days, we meet once more !

Once more I stand thine aged boughs beneath,  
And hear again the rustling music pour,

Along thy leaves, as whispering spirits breathe.

Full many a day of sunshine and of storm,

Since last we parted, thou hast surely known ;  
Thy leaves are thinned, decrepid is thy form —  
And all my cherish'd visions, they are flown !

How beautiful, how brief, those sunny hours,

Departed now, when life was in its spring,  
When Fancy knew no scene undecked with flowers,  
And Expectation flew on fancy's wing.

Here on the bank, beside this whimpering stream,

Which still runs by as gaily as of yore,  
Marking its eddies I was wont to dream  
Of things away, on some far fairy shore.



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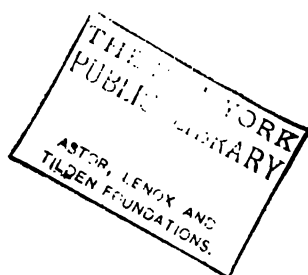
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Then every whirling leaf and bubbling ball,  
That floated by, was full of radiant thought ;  
Each linked with love, had music at its call,  
And thrilling echoes o'er my bosom brought.

The bird that sang within this gnarled oak,  
The waves that dallied with its leafy shade,  
The mellow murmurs from its boughs that broke,  
Their joyous tribute to my spirit paid.

No phantom rose to tell of future ill,  
No grisly warning marr'd my prophet dreams ;  
My heart translucent as the leaping rill,  
My thoughts all free and flashing as its beams.

Here is the grassy knoll I used to seek  
At summer noon, beneath the spreading shade,  
And watch the flowers that stooped with glowing  
cheek,  
To meet the romping ripples as they played.

Here is the spot which memory's magic glass  
Hath often brought, arrayed in fadeless green,  
Making this oak, this brook, this waving grass,  
A simple group, fond nature's fairest scene.


And as I roamed beside the Rhone or Rhine,  
Or other favored stream, in after days,  
With jealous love, this rivulet would shine,  
Full on my heart, and claim accustomed praise.

And, oh ! how oft by sorrow overborne,  
By care oppressed, or bitter malice wrung,  
By friends betrayed, or disappointment torn,  
My weary heart, all sickened and unstrung,

Hath yearned to leave the bootless strife afar,  
And find beneath this oak a quiet grave,  
Where the rough echo of the world's loud jar,  
Yields to the music of the mellow wave !

And now again I stand this stream beside ;  
Again I hear the silver ripples flow—  
I mark the whispers murmuring o'er the tide,  
And the light bubbles trembling as they go.

But, oh ! the spirit-spell that lingered here  
In boyhood's golden age, my heart to bless,  
With the wild waves that rippled then so clear,  
Is lost in ocean's dull forgetfulness.



Gone are the visions of that glorious time —  
Gone are the glancing birds I loved so well,  
Nor will they wake again their silver chime  
From the deep tomb of night in which they dwell !

And if perchance some fleeting memories steal,  
Like far off echoes to my dreaming ear,  
Away ungrasped the cheating visions wheel,  
As spectres start upon the wing of fear.

Alas ! the glorious sun, which then was high,  
Touching each common thing with rosy light,  
That sun is banished from the lowering sky,  
And life's dull onward pathway lies in night.

Yes, I am changed, and this gray gnarled form,  
Its leaves all scattered by the rending blast,  
Is but an image of my heart ; — the storm,  
The storm of life, doth make us such at last !

Farewell, old oak ! I leave thee to the wind,  
And go to struggle with the chafing tide—  
Soon to the dust thy form shall be resigned,  
And I will sleep thy crumbling limbs beside.

Thy memory will pass ; thy sheltering shade  
Will weave no more its tissue o'er the sod ;  
And all thy leaves ungathered in the glade,  
Shall by the reckless hoof of time be trod.

My cherished hopes, like shadows and like leaves,  
Name, fame, and fortune, they shall pass away ;  
And all that castle-building fancy weaves,  
Shall sleep unthinking as the drowsy clay.

But from thy dust another tree shall bloom, —  
With living leaves its tossing boughs shall rise,  
And the winged spirit bursting from the tomb,  
Shall spring to light beyond these bending skies !

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## THOUGHTS AT SEA.

Here is the boundless ocean, there the sky  
O'er-arching broad and blue,  
Telling of God and heaven, how deep, how high,  
How glorious and true !

Upon the wave there is an anthem sweet,  
Whispered in fear and love,  
Sending a solemn tribute to the feet  
Of Him who sits above.

God of the waters ! Nature owns her King !  
The sea thy sceptre knows ;  
At thy command the tempest spreads its wing,  
Or folds it to repose.

And when the whirlwind hath gone rushing by,  
Obedient to thy will,  
What reverence sits upon the wave and sky,  
Humbled, subdued, and still !

Oh! let my soul, like this submissive sea,  
With peace upon its breast,  
By the deep influence of thy spirit be  
Holy and hushed to rest.

And as the gladdening sun lights up the morn,  
Bidding the storm depart,  
So may the Sun of Righteousness adorn,  
With love, my shadowed heart.

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## THE CAPTIVE'S DREAM.

### I.

Ere yet the mountain peak hath caught the gleam  
That streams afar before the rising day,  
The eagle's wing is flashing in the beam,  
Up with the clouds, and glorious as they,  
Far westward sweeps that meteor-bird away,  
O'er misty vales, and cities wrapt in sleep,  
Spurning the haunts of men for forests gray,  
As nature made them, sullen, wild and deep.  
There, in that land — o'er many a hill and stream,  
The wild deer yet hath never heard the peal  
Of deadly rifle ; there, the Indian's dream  
Hath ne'er been broken by the white man's steel.  
There, steeppling rocks o'er dusky valleys rise,  
And woo that prophet-eagle from afar.  
There shall he close at night his weary eyes ;  
There, fold his wing, no fear his rest to mar.  
No rattling wheel shall cross his midnight dream ;



No lover's viol tremble o'er the moor —  
Soothed by the wolf's lone howl, the panther's  
    scream,  
The roaring fall — his sleep shall be secure.

## II.

'Tis night ! That eagle's weary wing  
    Reposes o'er the dusky wood,  
And far around, no living thing  
    Disturbs the sleeping solitude.  
The streams are mute, the winds are dead,  
    No whispered sigh the forests breathe ;  
Save that the panther's stealthy tread,  
    Crushes, perchance, a leaf beneath,  
You well might deem that death had thrown  
    His chill shroud o'er the landscape lone.  
But there a captive warrior lies,  
    Encircled by his victor foes —  
No shelter but the open skies,  
    No hope but death that warrior knows.  
Beneath night's mantle, dark and deep,  
The swarthy band of conquerors sleep,

Or seem to sleep upon the ground.

But well the captive's practised sight  
Can see from watchful eyes around,

Shot through the shadows of the night  
Rays such as fire the panther's eye,  
When hunger calls, and blood is nigh.

### III.

Why heeds he not these signs of death ?

He knows and scorns their power !  
With even pulse, and quiet breath,  
He waits the appointed hour.

His tribe is now extinct — at morn

They met their fate in battle — now,  
Their gory scalps their foes adorn —

He hath no duty but to bow  
To fate — the blistering flame to feel —  
To bide, unmoved, the gashing steel —  
To brave what savage arts avail,  
To make the lofty spirit quail —  
To die in honor, and depart

To that far promised land of peace,

Where pleasures pure rejoice the heart,  
And cares, like fainting billows, cease.

## IV.

Such are the noble thoughts that stay,  
The captive's bosom at this hour  
Of desolation, and convey  
To the stern soul a soothing power.  
And now the pride upon his brow,  
The scorn upon his lips depart ;  
On the moist sod his form doth bow,  
And gentle visions warm his heart.  
What beauty on his spirit beams,  
In the far fairy land of dreams ! —  
High on a rock he seems to stand,  
And wide survey the promised land.  
How gloriously the sun doth rise,  
As from a liquid sea of day,  
And go all gushing to the skies,  
Scattering around the rosy spray,  
O'er mountains topped with spotless snow,  
And thousand summer vales below !

There spreads the boundless forest, green  
As ocean, — and it gently heaves  
Its bosom to the winds, unseen,  
Yet whispering to the conscious leaves.  
Here flows a river ; there is found  
The level prairie like a sea  
Unrolled, the air its only bound ;  
And there, afar, in majesty,  
The ocean, rival of the skies,  
Rolls in its own bright emerald dyes !

## V.

These are the golden scenes that fill  
The dreamer's first long gaze — but now  
His eye reposes on the still  
Lone lake, that deeply sleeps below.  
How tranquil, beautiful and blue !  
How smooth its glassy wave ! how true  
Each bordering leaf, and tree, and flower,  
As pencilled in its holy rest !  
How free the wild deer on the shore !  
How white the swan that swims its breast !

## VI.

Long, long entranced the dreamer gazed  
On this lone spot in verdure dressed,  
And felt new dreams of beauty raised  
Within his cold and haughty breast,  
As from that lonely lawn and lake,  
A melting voice of love and peace,  
Whispered, as if Manitto spake,  
And bade each human passion cease.

## VII.

Touched with these thoughts, the dreamer's eye  
Was lifted toward the bending sky,  
And there remote, yet clearly seen,  
A glorious mountain reared its brow,  
And bathed in clouds of golden sheen,  
Seemed like a dazzling alp of snow.  
There on that pure and glittering throne,  
Manitto in his glory shone —  
Wreathy and faint the awful form!  
Yet peaceful as the shining bow  
That writes its promise on the storm,  
The Spirit's high and holy brow!

## VIII.


Humbly to earth the savage bowed,  
In tears, yet not, oh, not in grief!  
But, hark! what shout, so wild and loud,  
Breaks through his slumbers sweet but brief?  
He wakes, and sees the kindling fire!  
He knows his doom and nerves his soul,  
He braves each pang each torture dire,  
And bows to fortune's stern control!

## IX.

'Tis morn, the wind is toying with the leaves,  
And wild birds sing amid the forest bowers;  
Streaked with the sun, the laughing ripple heaves  
Its breast aloft to meet the o'erstooping flowers—  
The silver mists are floating in the sky,  
The rainbow trembles o'er the roaring fall;  
The mountain robe hath caught a rosier dye,  
And love and joy go hymning o'er them all—  
The morn no memory of the midnight brings,  
No lingering echo whispers of the dead;  
Life sports amid the beam on joyous wings,  
And o'er the forest tomb forgetfulness is spread!

## THE FIRST FROST OF AUTUMN.

At evening it rose in the hollow glade,  
Where wild-flowers blushed mid silence and shade;  
Where, hid from the gaze of the garish noon,  
They were slily wooed by the quivering moon.  
It rose, for the guardian zephyrs had flown,  
And left the valley that night alone :  
No sigh was borne from the leafy hill,  
No murmur came from the lapsing rill ;  
The boughs of the willow in silence wept,  
And the aspen leaves in that sabbath slept.  
The valley dreamed, and the fairy lute  
Of the whispering reed by the brook was mute.  
The slender rush o'er the glassy rill,  
As a marble shaft, was erect and still,  
And no airy sylph o'er the mirror wave,  
A dimpling trace of its footstep gave.  
The moon shone down, but the shadows deep  
Of the pensile flowers, were hushed in sleep.



The pulse was still in that vale of bloom,  
And the Spirit rose from its marshy tomb.  
It rose o'er the breast of a silver spring,  
Where the mist at morn shook its snowy wing,  
And robed like the dew, when it woos the flowers,  
It stole away to their secret bowers.  
With a lover's sigh, and a zephyr's breath,  
It whispered bliss, but its work was death :  
It kissed the lip of a rose asleep,  
And it left it there on its stem to weep —  
It froze the drop on a lily's leaf,  
And the shivering blossom was bowed in grief.  
O'er the gentian it breathed, and the withered flower  
Fell blackened and scathed in its lonely bower ;  
It stooped to the astors all blooming around,  
And kissed the buds as they slept on the ground.  
They slept, but no morrow could waken their bloom,  
And shrouded by moonlight, they lay in their tomb.  
The lover of pleasure no sigh bestows,  
O'er the grave of his victim — the bourne of its woes.  
The faded, forgotten, in ruin decay —  
Their memories pass with their fragrance away —  
And the frost Spirit went, like the lover light,  
In search of fresh beauty and bloom that night.



Its wing was plumed by the moon's cold ray,  
And noiseless it flew o'er the hills away —  
It flew, yet its dallying fingers played,  
With a thrilling touch, through the maple's shade  
It toyed with the leaves of the sturdy oak,  
It sighed o'er the aspen, and whispering spoke  
To the bending sumach, that stooped to throw  
Its chequering shade o'er a brook below ;  
It kissed the leaves of the beech, and breathed  
O'er the arching elm, with its ivy wreathed :  
It climbed to the ash on the mountain's height,  
It flew to the meadow, and hovering light  
O'er leafy forest and fragrant dell,  
It bound them all in its silvery spell.  
Each spreading bough heard the whispered bliss,  
And gave its cheek to the gallant's kiss —  
Though giving, the leaves disdainingly shook,  
As if refusing the boon they took.  
Who dreamed that the morning's light would speak  
And show that kiss on the blushing cheek ?  
For in silence the fairy work went through —  
And no croning owl of the scandal knew —  
No watch-dog broke from his slumbers light,  
To tell the tale to the listening night.

But that which in secret is darkly done,  
Is oft displayed by the morrow's sun ;  
And thus the leaves in the light revealed,  
With their glowing hues what the night concealed.  
The sweet, frail flowers that once welcomed the  
morn,

Now drooped in their bowers, all shrivelled and lorn ;  
But the hardier trees shook their leaves in the blast,  
Though tell-tale colors were over them cast.  
The maple blushed deep as a maiden's cheek,  
And the oak confessed what it would not speak.  
The beech stood mute, but a purple hue  
O'er its glossy robe was a witness true ;  
The elm and the ivy with varying dyes,  
Protesting their innocence looked to the skies ;  
And the sumach rouged deeper, as stooping to look,  
It glanced at the colors that flared in the brook.  
The delicate aspen grew nervous and pale,  
As the tittering forest seemed full of the tale ;  
And the lofty ash, though it tossed up its bough,  
With a puritan air on the mountain's brow,  
Bore a purple tinge o'er its leafy fold,  
And the hidden revel was gaily told !

## THE RIVAL BUBBLES.

Two bubbles on a mountain stream,  
Began their race one shining morn,  
And lighted by the ruddy beam,  
Went dancing down mid shrub and thorn.

The stream was narrow, wild and lone,  
But gaily dashed o'er mound and rock,  
And brighter still the bubbles shone,  
As if they loved the whirling shock.

Each leaf, and flower, and sunny ray,  
Was pictured on them as they flew,  
And o'er their bosoms seemed to play  
In lovelier forms and colors new.

Thus on they went, and side by side,  
They kept in sad and sunny weather,  
And rough or smooth the flowing tide,  
They brightest shone when close together.

Nor did they deem that they could sever,  
That clouds could rise, or morning wane ;  
They loved, and thought that love forever  
Would bind them in its gentle chain.

But soon the mountain slope was o'er,  
And mid new scenes the waters flowed,  
And the two bubbles now no more  
With their first morning beauty glowed.

They parted, and the sunny ray  
That from each other's love they borrowed,  
That made their dancing bosoms gay,  
While other bubbles round them sorrowed ;

That ray was dimmed, and on the wind  
A shadow came, as if from Heaven ;  
Yet on they flew, and sought to find  
From strife, the bliss that love had given.

They parted, yet in sight they kept,  
And rivals now the friends became,  
And if, perchance, the eddies swept  
Them close, they flashed with flame ;

And fiercer forward seemed to bound,  
With the swift ripples toward the main ;  
And all the lesser bubbles round,  
Each sought to gather in its train.

They strove, and in that eager strife  
Their morning friendship was forgot,  
And all the joys that sweeten life,  
The rival bubbles knew them not.

The leaves, the flowers, the grassy shore,  
Were all neglected in the chase,  
And on their bosoms now no more  
These forms of beauty found a place.

But all was dim and drear within,  
And envy dwelt where love was known,  
And images of fear and sin  
Were traced, where truth and pleasure shone.

The clouds grew dark, the tide swelled high,  
And gloom was o'er the waters flung,  
But riding on the billows, nigh  
Each other now the bubbles swung.

Closer and closer still they rushed,  
In anger o'er the rolling river ;  
They met, and mid the waters crushed,  
The rival bubbles burst forever !

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## THE ATHEIST.

'Tis autumn and the sunset hour. The breeze  
Is like a woman's whisper, yet the leaves,  
The willing leaves, descend upon its wing,  
And strew the pale grass, with the yellow shower.  
'Tis evening, and the hills are gathering round  
Their sleepy brows the twilight veil of rest.  
'Tis autumn, and the forest breathes no more  
Those low sweet tones, that came with summer dew,  
But a faint wail is stealing from its leaves  
With sad and solemn cadence to the heart.

There is a humble dwelling near. It stands  
In solitude, and penury hath thrown  
Its blight around it. On a low worn bed,  
A wasted form is laid ; peaceful and pale  
She waits her doom : her brow is cold as marble,  
But a smile is on her lip, and a light  
As if from Heaven is beaming in her eye.  
Her life hath been a tale of wo — her heart,  
By bitter trial hath been wrung — her tears

Have flowed fast as the vernal torrent — yet  
Silent as dew. And she hath suffered all,  
In love and meekness, for her hope was stayed,  
On the sure Rock of Ages. Oft she turned,  
In poverty — in sickness — and in scorn, —  
In persecution — wretchedness and want,  
From the dark vale of tears, with hope and trust,  
To heaven — and with assured view, she saw  
Her coming rest and recompense — and thus  
She gathered strength to bear her weary wo !  
Now, for a moment, death doth sweep away,  
Those leaden clouds that hover o'er the mind,  
Setting the fancy free — and through the soul,  
Sending one lightning flash, ere yet goes down  
In night, the meteor gleam that lit the eye !  
What lovely visions burst upon her view —  
Spirits in robes of white, with beckoning hands, !  
A pardoning God ! and there a Saviour stoops,  
With welcome on his lip, to seek and save !

“Fool!” saith the Atheist! “’tis a dream—a cheat  
Of lying Priestcraft. There is no God nor Heaven !  
The grave — the cold damp dungeon of the soul



And body, yawns to receive thee ! Darkness,  
Not light, shall be thy recompense ; the wing,  
The raven wing of night, eternal, deep,  
Shall cast its rayless shadows o'er thy tomb.  
Silence shall brood upon thy breast — decay  
Shall waste thee with its fingers — and the flood  
Of cold forgetfulness, that hides the brute,  
Shall spread its sullen waters over thee !”

Alas ! poor unbeliever thou art mad —  
Lost mid the mazes of thy thorny pride !  
And while the sun shines broadly from the sky,  
Thou gropest in caverns of philosophy ;  
Aye, like a moth art addled with a taper !  
What wouldst thou — that we leave the light of  
Heaven,  
To follow thy delusive torch in dim  
Despair ? No ! let the worm woo down the birds  
From the bright sky to grovel in his slime —  
Let the dank lizard teach the bounding deer  
To quit the grassy vale where waters glide  
Gemmed with the golden morn — to dwell in caves

Where night and silence hold their dim dominion —  
Let the pale corse with ghastly visage speak  
To the winged spirit, and persuade it down  
From paradise to sleep in cold decay —  
But we will ne'er forego our fond belief,  
Anchored in Heaven, and steadfast as the sun !

Seest thou yon sparkling steam, yon blushing  
flower ?

That waving forest, and those azure hills ?  
Seest thou the wide sky-tinted ocean, weaving  
Its shoreless tissue o'er the rolling sphere ?  
What gives them all their beauty ? 'Tis the ray  
Of yonder orb ! And thus the hope of Heaven  
Redeems the soul of man from utter darkness :  
'Tis that which gives to love its holy hue,  
To home its sanctity — to life its light !  
And thou, pretending to bestow a boon,  
Wouldst rend our hope, our sun from yonder sky,  
And shroud the soul in everlasting winter !  
Oh no ! that hope is like the tinted bow  
Upon the cloud to every land : and He  
Who hung it there in beauty and in power,

To bear the bosom up against the fear  
Of death's dark flood— He will redeem his pledge!  
He who hath put a voice in every wave,  
In every budding flower, and sighing breeze,  
To whisper of eternity : who made  
The heart of man to listen, and to hope, —  
Will see that hope fulfilled, and put to shame,  
The prophecy that deems his Providence,  
His book of Nature, and the Eternal Word,  
Stamped with the seal of God, a hollow lie !

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## THE FORTUNE HUNTER.

A haughty Eagle soaring in the sky,  
Saw far beneath an azure mountain lie.  
Curious to mark the spot with nearer view,  
Close o'er his back his curving wings he drew,  
Fixed his keen eye, his rudder tail he bent,  
And circling widely, shaped his sheer descent.  
Poised on the cliff at length, his plumes he shook,  
And bent on all around, a searching look.  
'Twas a wild peak, whose tempest-beaten brow  
Frowned o'er a vale that distant lay below.  
Here rocks, thick woods and chasms dark were  
seen,  
With a wild cataract foaming white between ;  
A cultured valley there unfolded lay,  
Here shone a river, yon a silver bay.

The Eagle's fancy kindled as he gazed,  
And high ambition in his bosom blazed —  
He thought — “ 'Twere bliss to own this fair domain,

This rock my throne, o'er these wild scenes to reign.  
No huntsman's foot these beetling crags could scale,  
Here I would sit unmoved and drink the gale ;  
And when the humor stirred, I'd win my way,  
High in the light and hang o'er yonder bay ;  
Or deep beneath I'd thread the sullen dell,  
And scare the panther with my piercing yell ;  
Now muse enraptured o'er yon foaming fall,  
Now scent the tempest and the whirlwind call !  
But these high pleasures pass with youth away,  
These wings must droop, this piercing sight decay ;  
Old age's frost will chill my fancy's fire,  
And quench in death ambition's high desire.  
O let me then some deeper plan devise,  
On which long hope may build, true fortune rise.  
What may be done ? The rock on which I rest,  
A high descended race of eagles long possessed.  
By conquest won — by valor strong maintained,  
This cliff their castle, here they proudly reigned.  
But they are gone— all, all in death recline,  
Save the high heiress of this noble line.  
This bird I'll woo, and if my suit prevail,  
These realms are mine, I'll share them with the gale !

And here I'll found a noble line, whose name  
Shall give to future date my form and fame."

This resolution ta'en, the princess bird  
He sought — his purpose stated, and his suit preferred.

With all becoming scorn his tale she heard,  
Talked of presumption — but of that repented  
' And saying she could ne'er consent, consented.'  
Now let us haste — two rapid years have flown,  
And their first brood, four eaglets, full are grown.  
What disappointment ! e'en a father's eye,  
In his own brood can nought of promise spy :  
The first had scarce an eagle's form or flight,  
But a lank bittern seemed to every sight.  
The lofty crag and noble cliff he spurned,  
And deep in swamps his vulgar pleasures earned ;  
In lowland pools he fondly loved to wade,  
And on loose fish that floated by, he preyed.  
The next could never soar ; his wing too brief  
And tail too long — his father marked with grief.  
The third was overgrown — a sulky fowl,

That favored less the eaglet than the owl.  
He put on airs — and wore a haughty look,  
And for an eagle was by geese mistook ;  
But wiser birds his hoot and horns suspected,  
And left the eagle feigned, an owl detected.  
The fourth, a maiden bird, unlike the others,  
Was fair, but no more eagle than the brothers ;  
Her legs too long, her plumage all too gay,  
Her peacock form, — no noble blood betray.  
Yet high-bred airs she feigned, and tossed her head,  
Stretched her long neck, her gaudy tail she spread,  
And spurned all humbler birds, save those who gazed,  
Confessed their homage, and her plumage praised.  
This passed with shallow fowls, but birds of sense,  
Who looked thro' artifice and thro' pretence,  
Scorned the dull cheat, by which the little mind  
Would steal the honor due the nobler kind.

We pass o'er years: the mountain-eagle dead,  
His race is scattered and his fame is fled.  
The lofty peak, that once his sway confessed,  
By vulgar birds is parcelled and possessed.  
Wrens, jays and crows, now chatter, caw and sing,

Where proudly swept the monarch eagle's wing :  
Degraded, poor and scorned, his worthless race,  
Wander with lowland birds, as scorned and base.  
The proud are fallen — wealth is passed away,  
And wisdom draws this lesson from the lay —  
That he who weds for wealth, is like to be  
The father of a foolish progeny ;  
Sowing in pride, his harvest shall be shame,  
Shared by himself and those who bear his name !

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A B U R I A L A T S E A .

The shore hath blent with the distant skies,  
O'er the bend of the crested seas,  
And the leaning ship in her pathway flies,  
On the sweep of the freshened breeze.

Swift be its flight ! for a dying guest  
It beareth o'er the billow,  
And she fondly sighs in her native West  
To find a peaceful pillow.

There, o'er the surf her kindred sleep,  
And she would sleep beside them —  
It may not be ! for the sea is deep,  
And the waves — the waves divide them !

It may not be ! for the flush is flown,  
That lighted her lily cheek —  
'Twas the passing beam, ere the sun goes down,  
Though it seemed of life to speak.

Tis gone, and a dew is over her now —  
The dew of the mornless eve —  
To-morrow will shine on that pallid brow,  
For the spirit hath ta'en its leave.

The ship heaves to, and the funeral rite,  
O'er the lovely form is said,  
And the rough man's cheek with tears is bright,  
As he lowers the gentle dead.

The corse glides down, alone — alone,  
To its dark and dreary grave,  
For the soul on a lightened wing hath flown,  
To the world beyond the wave.

'Tis a fearful thing in the sea to sleep  
Alone in a silent bed —  
'Tis a fearful thing on the shoreless deep  
Of the spirit world to tread.

But the sea hath rest in its twilight caves,  
To the weary pilgrim given,  
And the heart is blest on the peaceful waves  
Of the starlit deep of heaven.

## F A N C Y .

I've seen an eagle sweeping through the sky,  
With a swift pinion, and a piercing eye ;  
I've seen the sun when sinking down in night,  
Dye all the clouds in rosy showers of light ;  
I've seen the moon when stealing o'er the hill,  
The quiet vale with silent beauty fill ;  
I've seen the lake reflect its borders true,  
And the mock landscape seem the lovelier view ;  
I've seen the ocean deeply laid to rest,  
With the soft moon-beams sleeping on its breast,  
While the blue sky with each bright planet given  
In the broad mirror, seemed a dream of heaven ;  
I've seen the whirlwind stretch its pinions wide,  
And o'er the land in fearful terror ride ;  
I've seen the lightning from the tempest spring,  
And through the night its startling splendor fling ;  
I've seen the rainbow on the vapory shroud,  
Smile through the shower—God's signet on the cloud !  
I've seen stern winter bind the joyous wave,

And make the lawless mountain stream a slave ;  
I've seen the breath of spring go forth in might,  
And bid the latent blossoms leap to light ;  
I've seen pale death, the blush of beauty steal,  
And the cold brow with deeper beauty seal !

But not the eagle's wing, or searching glance,  
Or sun, moon, lake, or ocean's broad expanse ;  
Not the dark whirlwind, not the lightning's gleam,  
Not the soft rainbow, or its peaceful beam ;  
Not icy winter, not the breath of spring,  
Not the deep spell of terror's pallid king ;  
Not the wide realm that nature calls her own,  
Can match the power to wizard Fancy known.

Say, can the eagle's wing like Fancy fly ?  
Can his keen vision pierce like Fancy's eye ?  
Can sun or moon such fairy colors give,  
As in the golden dreams of Fancy live ?  
Can the lone lake, which but one landscape shows,  
Vie with a power that endless beauty knows ?  
Can the smooth ocean, which no more reveals,

Than the blue veil which heaven's deep breast conceals —

Match the bold thought that tears that veil away,

And pours on distant skies the beams of day ?

Can all the forms of beauty and of fear,

That nature's wonder-working hand can rear,

Rival the spirit whose superior skill,

Can bring or banish all these forms at will ?

No ! — Fancy's reign is wider than the waves ;

Brighter than all the realms the ocean laves —

Her works are wilder than the sea and air,

Than all the elements, can do or dare.

And when this ' scroll ' hath passed away in flame,

And all the stars forget its date and name,

Still Fancy's joyous wing shall tireless sweep,

O'er the far shoreless waves of Heaven's ethereal  
deep !

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## THE RIVULET.

When winter takes its stormy flight,  
And blushing spring reveals its light,  
The captive mountain stream, unbound,  
First feebly steals along the ground,  
And seeks its hidden path to screen  
Mid tangled trees and branches green.  
But bolder soon its waters play,  
Full in the light of open day ;  
Then whirl along in eddies deep,  
And fling their murmurs down the steep.  
Now full and free the gallant stream  
Holds dalliance with the morning beam ;  
Now throws aloft its gauzy spray  
To see the rainbow o'er it play ;  
Now saunters where the lilies dip,  
Kissing in turn each proffered lip ;  
Now forward flies, like lover fleet,  
Some kindred rivulet to meet,  
That lingers in the vale below,

And sighs with some fond stream to flow ;  
And now, when evening throws its veil,  
Of twilight dim, o'er hill and dale —  
It pauses in its wild career,  
Spreads smooth its surface broad and clear,  
And hushed in holy stillness lies,  
Looking with rapture to the skies,  
While deep within its bosom true,  
Is traced Heaven's own wide world of blue !

Child of the hills, where lightnings streak !  
Thy cradle is the azure peak,  
Thy robes, the wreaths of morn that float,  
Thy lullaby, the thunder note !  
Born of the snow, by tempests fed,  
In chasms rocked, in forests bred,  
Thy sport is o'er the rocks to leap ;  
Thy dance, in caverns dark and deep ;  
Thy frolic, foaming white to run  
And toss thy bubbles to the sun !

Bright offspring of the cloud and storm !  
There's beauty in thy crystal form !  
Though wild and wayward thy career,

Thy face is fair, thy music dear ;  
Thou art fond childhood's image fair,  
With full blue eye and sunny hair —  
A thing of beauty and caprice,  
Now soft as summer's sighing breeze,  
Now wild as winds that whirl on high,  
A cloud of leaves to winter's sky !

Sweet mountain stream ! I love to trace  
Thee in thy light and playful chase —  
But more I love the beams that play  
O'er childhood's light and laughing way ;  
The filial love that beameth strong  
In tearful eyes, through lashes long ;  
The rainbow smile that often peers  
In lustre through a cloud of tears ;  
The awe that o'er the young face steals,  
When night its wondrous sky reveals ;  
The high arched brow, with feeling fraught,  
The long fixed gaze of living thought,  
That tells of immortality,  
Kindled within that bright blue eye, —  
These, these are beauties more divine,  
Sweet mountain rivulet, than thine !



## THE SPIRIT COURT

### OF PRACTICE AND PRETENCE.

Ye who but wake as wakes the morning light,  
And go to rest like roosting fowls at night,  
Deeming this outside world of earth and stone  
The only world to man immortal known,—  
Ye who have ne'er discovered in the breast  
Another world, as in a lake at rest,  
Reflected to the spirit's raptured eye,  
More wonderful than this of cloud and sky, —  
Ye, who mid darkness in a dungeon stand,  
Twirling a key all idly in the hand,  
Which used aright would draw the bolts aside,  
And throw the gates of glorious vision wide —  
Go to your rest, and leave this noon of night,  
Blackness to you, to me, a world of light !  
Sleep ! and re-count, in dreams, your yellow store,  
Or taste again your vulgar pleasures o'er ;  
Pursue with greedy hand the bubble prize

Of fame or fortune, cheating as it flies —  
Climb to the mountain top with eager gasp,  
For seeming gems that perish in the grasp, —  
And while the nightmare, brooding o'er your rest,  
Draws sighs and moans alternate from your breast,  
Let wizard fancy with its wand of power,  
Roll up the shadowy curtain of the hour,  
And to my soul the hidden things unfold,  
That night and silence in their bosom hold.

'Tis midnight, and the waveless sea of gloom  
Sinks the wide city to a dreamless tomb :  
No footfall wakes an echo in the street,  
No voices come from those who part or meet :  
No setting stars the lapsing hours reveal,  
But the dim Heavens are shut as with a seal !  
Hushed o'er the awful scene of mimic death,  
Time folds his weary wing, and holds his breath.  
My eye is closed, yet lingering beams of light  
Steal o'er the inward soul, like things of sight,  
Seeming the shapeless hues that dimly glide  
Within, when first the visual lid is tied ;  
Yet as the spirit gazes, melting, take

Pinions of fire, and bid a world awake !  
With glittering gold the starry heavens ascend,  
And skies auroral, o'er the landscape bend.  
Glancing around on waving pinions fly,  
A thousand forms all radiant as the sky.  
Flashing, yet faint, they distant seem to glide,  
Like dreams away — light shadows o'er a tide ;  
Yet nearer seen, each brow is well defined,  
And the high impress speaks the lofty mind ;  
Gazing they pass, with their keen vision bent,  
On the uncurtained bosom, deep, intent !

Startled, and shrinking from a scene so new,  
My naked spirit all revealed to view,  
I turned around to seek some friendly guide,  
And found a gentle vision at my side.  
She spoke, and whispering in my wondering ear,  
Revealed the story that I burned to hear.  
' Spirit of earth ! I bid thee mark my theme,  
Nor hold this scene a light fantastic dream —  
A veil hangs lightly 'twixt thine earth and heaven  
A thin partition which thy soul hath riven, —  
Unclothed now, thy spirit-searching eye,

Looks on this scene, the threshold of the sky.  
Stay ! for thy wing hath yet an earthy stain,  
And seeks to win a higher flight in vain, —  
Enough for thee this glorious vision sent,  
Till from thy soul the mortal shroud is rent.  
Here in this midway space 'twixt Earth and Light,  
We hold our Spirit Court, this beaming night :  
Passing before, as in a mirror true,  
Scenes from your world, will come in stern review,  
And as the players rise to act their part,  
We lift the veil that seeks to hide the heart —  
Discerning thus, unfolded to the sense,  
The gulf that yawns 'twixt Practice and Pretence.'

She spoke, and pointed to a dazzling throne,  
That like a cloud of summer glorious shone !  
There, in their snowy robes with sapphire blent,  
The awful judges, Truth and Reason, bent.  
Waked from its sleep, as by a bugle call,  
The past came summoned from its shadowy thrall.  
Nearer I drew, and saw the mimic show,  
Reveal the story of the world below ;

All that had chanced on earth, the by-gone year,  
Passed in review — a fearful vision here !  
Touched by the light that issued from the throne  
Each heart was seen, each hidden purpose known.  
The weeded widow covering 'neath her veil,  
Thoughts of new joys that breath in passion's gale—  
The city dame who casts her portals wide,  
Shewing cut glass and plate on every side, —  
Seeking by vulgar pomp and gauche display,  
In 'good society,' to make her way —  
The whirling waltzer, half alive to shame,  
Affecting coolness in the midst of flame —  
The fortune-hunter, on his bended knee,  
To some rich heiress swearing lustily  
A holy passion, while his truant breast  
Is only constant to the glittering chest —  
The craven critic hid in candor's mask,  
Urged by some paltry spite, bent o'er his task —  
Intent to wound, yet if the feeble bow,  
Fail of its mark, the pole cat's shafts can throw —  
The editor — a thing of thousand tongues,  
Empowered to speak with nation-stirring lungs —  
To throw fair freedom's banner on the wind,

And forward lead the glorious march of mind —  
Reason's artillery placed at his command,  
And wit's keen sword entrusted to his hand —  
While yet unmindful of his high behest,  
Taking close counsel with his narrow breast,  
The flag unfurled, displays a party sign,  
As passion prompts or interest may incline —  
Reason's loud battery, basely turned aside,  
Becomes the pop-gun of his petty pride,  
And wit's bright steel, now sullied, dull and weak,  
The sly stiletto of his private pique —  
The politician seeking votes to get,  
Like the shrewd spider weaving wide his net,  
Flattering the throng and wooing to his snare,  
The weak or wicked, with insidious care —  
Seeking to melt with passion's focal glass,  
All he can cheat, into one ductile mass —  
Agrarian, atheist, tippler — one and all —  
Wrong-headed moths predestined to his thrall —  
Mixed with fanatic flies of every hue,  
All sent of God, if what they tell is true —  
Discordant elements, which but agree

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To be his dupes and wear his livery —  
The heartless statesman, shifting to the breeze,  
Reckless of shame — if he the mob may please —  
And while his heart is deeply bent on spoil,  
His soft pretences flow around like oil —  
By love of man pretending to be swayed,  
While love of self is still his only trade —  
Himself the point from which each ripple bends,  
To which each backward wave reflected tends —  
Willing to grovel on and grime his soul,  
If so it leads to power, and strong control —  
To day unsaying what he said before,  
This week forswearing what last week he swore —  
Juggling with honor, truth, his country's good —  
For what ? an office — or perchance for food ! —  
The shrewd sectarian, fearing Heaven will be  
Too full to grant him ample farm and fee,  
Seeking to station at the guarded gate,  
A sharp police to watch the traveller straight —  
With pettifogging arts to strain the law,  
Or in the passport find some specious flaw —  
Another — conscious of his bleachless sin,

Battering Heaven's gate to let each scoundrel in —  
Another still — the atheist — worst of all —  
Seeking in death the immortal soul to thrall,  
Filling the pit where crime should find its doom,  
And shrouding Heaven in everlasting gloom —  
The lordly master, clinging to the tie,  
That holds the slave, himself enslaved thereby —  
Like the Etruscan convict bound to death,\*  
Clasping the corse and feasting on its breath —  
Yet tells you this is glorious liberty,  
Ordained of old, and sealed by God's decree ! —  
The hot enthusiast, warned, but warned in vain,  
Seeking to rend the hapless negro's chain —  
And while he strikes to break the galling clasp,  
Clenches each rivet with a sterner grasp ! —  
These, these, like insects of a thousand dyes,  
Passed and repassed before our wondering eyes.  
Mixed with the good, the virtuous and the true,  
Catching their hues the hypocrite came to view ;

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\* The passage, Romans vii. 24, ' Who shall deliver me from the body of this death,' is supposed to refer to a custom of punishing crimes, by tying the culprit to a dead body. Valerius Maximus says, the Etruscans were not a little cruel in the invention of punishments ; that they tied the living to the dead body, face to face, and thus they rotted together.



And well I marked where pride and fashion reigned,  
The tide of life flowed on more darkly stained ;  
While oft where poverty had thrown its blight,  
Truth shone around, with Heaven's redeeming light.  
O'er scenes like these the Court bent smiling down,  
While others still provoked their fearful frown !

Two duellists we saw twelve yards apart,  
Waiting the word to fire, with flickering heart.  
Swelling they stood, and bravely sought to bear,  
A lofty courage in their haughty air,  
While hid beneath we read the thin deceit,  
And saw each breast confess the shallow cheat.  
Fear of light fashion's law, which bade them fight,  
And do the law of God and man despite —  
Fear of disdain, forsooth, from ladies' lashes,  
Fear of the wit from leaden brains that flashes —  
Fear, and the craven hope, that luck would guide,  
His bullet true, and turn his foeman's wide, —  
These were the motives playing round the heart,  
In either bosom, veiled with conscious art.

Before a court, on trial for his life —  
Amidst the crowd, his children and his wife —


A prisoner stood — the jury ranged around —  
And grisly judges with their looks profound.  
The world believed him guilty, and the law  
Was but the halter which they wished to draw.  
This was enough — the prosecutor too  
Saw that the rope was but the rascal's due.  
The proof, indeed — the proof, was rather lame,  
And the poor fellow might acquittal claim.  
But danger stared the lawyer in the face —  
The prisoner's rescue might be his disgrace.  
Should he escape, the disappointed throng  
Would hold his talents lighter than a song.  
How light the feather of a life became  
When weighed against the lawyer's love of fame !  
His plea he opened — 'twas a noble theme —  
Mercy he painted as a holy dream ;  
And then in sudden contrast, boldly drew,  
The midnight murderer to the startled view !  
The prisoner quailed beneath the speaker's frown,  
And the poor stricken wife fell senseless down.  
The children shrieked, — and o'er the rabble crew  
A flash of mercy, like an angel flew ;  
It passed, and as the deeper gloom of night

Drinks the red lightning, vanished from the sight!  
I gazed upon the lawyer's bosom — bare  
To me — though curtained o'er with studious care.  
He caught the mercy from the crowd — the gloom —  
I marked in that the prisoner's certain doom!  
Deep in his heart I read the stern intent,  
And saw his genius to the effort bent —  
With magic skill, he wove the fatal woof,  
Turning light gossamer to cable proof;  
And as the spider, conscious of his art,  
Wound it and wound it round his victim's heart.  
The spell of eloquence fell all around,  
And judge and jury in its toils were bound—  
The verdict, guilty, and the doom of death,  
Came to the lawyer's ear like music's breath.  
What tho' perchance the man was guiltless? still  
The greater triumph of his matchless skill—  
And if stern conscience whisper in his ear,  
That he perchance is more the murderer here—  
Cold to the accusation, he replies,  
I'm but the agent—'tis the court that tries!

The Drama rose—and in the gorgeous glare

The circling boxes glittered full and fair.  
Fresh from the hand of art, the temple gleams,  
And this, its opening night — how fair it seems!  
Mother and daughter, father, son and heir —  
All, all, expectant — they are seated there.  
The manager appears, with bow profound  
Answering the cheers that burst from all around.  
The shout subsides and in the breathless pause,  
Thus in a shrewd address he pleads his cause—  
“Is this the hour when smiles around us beam,  
To think of sorrow, and of ills to dream?  
Forgive—a mist hangs brooding o’er the night,  
And a deep vision comes before my sight!  
As a far cloud a shadowy form doth rise,  
And mark its giant outline on the skies.  
There, there it stands, a thing of awful form,  
And o’er the landscape hovers like a storm —  
Stretching its sway abroad, and sending far  
A threatening sound of ruin, waste and war.  
A muttered echo comes o’er hill and height,  
As if a whirlwind gathered there its might;  
Then, like the lifted tide, an eager band  
Of ruthless men came sweeping o’er the land.

Alas ! what desolation marks the path  
Of the fell tempest in its march of wrath !  
Temples are mared and godlike statues broke,  
Proud arches fall, fair towers are wreathed in smoke  
The silver lyre is dumb, sweet music hushed,  
And all around is desolate and crushed ;  
All that was beautiful hath lost its form,  
And only tells the fury of the storm.  
Such is the scene where vulgar passion reigns,  
And gothic prejudice hath burst its chains.  
And shall the Drama live, when music dies,  
The arts are banished, and sweet pity flies ?  
Shall the dark spirit of a darker age  
Lift its red banner, and yet spare the Stage ?  
It may not be,—they mark its classic dome,  
And as a surge the swelling legions come —  
Before the shock its costly columns bend,  
The arches totter and the walls descend ;  
One heavy sound—one echo to the skies,  
And the fair edifice in ruin lies !  
See ! Shakspeare's godlike form is now defaced,  
His hallowed fane by savage feet debased,




While babbling lips revile his mighty name,  
And his immortal leaves light up the flame !

'Tis a dread scene, for in the ghastly glare,  
Vice stalks abroad, and folly dances bare ;  
The villain fears stern satire's lash no more,  
And easy conscience feels no smarting sore.  
That startling mirror which displayed the heart,  
And made the self-detected sinner start—  
That mirror now by bigot heels is trod,  
Beat down and trampled with the common sod ;  
And o'er its ruins, beaming still with light,  
That flashes from its fragments free and bright,  
Full many a monster holds his revel time,  
And celebrates the jubilee of crime !  
Alas ! is this the doom of that which sprung  
To birth and beauty, when the skies were young ?  
Is this the end of that which came in light,  
At Athens, rising o'er a world of night ?  
Shall that which drew the throng, and ruled their fire,  
Where Tully spoke, and Maro swept the lyre, —  
Shall virtue's school, and virtue's champion quail,  
And the dark reign of ignorance prevail ?  
Shall Shakspeare, Racine, Otway be forgot,

And Roscius, Garrick, Siddons be a blot ?  
Shall superstition wave her wand again,  
The world roll back, and priestcraft forge its chain ?

Nay, 'tis a dream, ye boding thoughts away !  
The world is free, and reason holds its sway :  
The Drama lives, and triumphs here to-night,  
In smiles of kindness, and in beauty's light !  
The Drama lives, and with the dawning year  
Catches new beams, and brighter omens here.  
And, oh ! the Drama, made for noblest ends,  
The Good, the Wise, the Fair, be ye its friends !  
As plants that flourish in a genial sky,  
Fair fruits unfold, and healing dews supply ;  
Yet flowerless wither in the chilling gale,  
Creep with the weeds, and noxious airs exhale, —  
So is the Drama formed for good or ill,  
And ye, its masters, shape it as ye will !  
To its deep art, the earth, the air, the sea,  
And the dark caverns of the soul are free.  
Ambition, busy as the restless deep —  
Revenge, as ruthless as the lion's leap, —  
Delusive hope that gilds our distant views,



As rainbow's touch the hills with heavenly hues —  
Pale fear that walks with wizard wand by night,  
And bids dim spectres haunt the cheated sight —  
The sailing clouds, like spirits on the air,  
Now dark as demons, now as angels fair —  
The lofty mountain with its purple beams, —  
The sloping valley and its silver streams, —  
The waving forest, meadow, lawn and lake —  
The glassy wave, and waves that wildly break  
In surges on the rocks — the deep voiced storm —  
The whirlwind, and the tempest's fearful form —  
The lightning flash, the thunder stroke that rings  
Like the loud chariot of the King of Kings, —  
The bugle blast that from the rampart peals —  
The mellow lute, on twilight wing that steals —  
And woman's voice, that well might rise to Heaven,  
Mix with the seraph song, and be forgiven —  
These, these are subject to the Drama's art,  
And lend their aid to move and mend the heart.


Such is the Stage, and in your smiles I read,  
A generous verdict for the cause I plead,  
And as the blushing hills reflect the day,



So shall our hearts their grateful homage pay.  
Our task shall be to gather fruits and flowers  
From nature's field, and fancy's ample bowers ;  
To mix a moral with the wreath we bind,  
And while we feast, to heal the sickened mind.  
And as the rod that lifts its slender spire,  
To teach a harmless path to Heaven's fierce fire —  
So shall our art direct wild passion's way,  
And bid its lightnings for your pleasure play !"—

Such was the plea, and thundering plaudits sent,  
Up to the dome its echoing arches rent —  
Then twanged the choir, and pelting showers of  
    sound,  
Relentless fell one very ear around —  
Viol and serpent, trumpet, harp and horn,  
In rival rage put melody to scorn !

The curtain rose, and bursting on the view,  
From mimic bowers a form fantastic flew,  
Ample above, below, with wonderous art,  
Her insect waist seemed nearly cut apart.



With twinkling feet she came, and tripped along,  
As if she floated on a fairy's song —  
No envious gauze her swelling bosom dims,  
No prudish drapery hides her tapering limbs ;  
Poised on her toe, she twirling flew around,  
Then upward leaped with high aerial bound —  
And then — but stay ! the decent muse must pause,  
And drop the curtain, midst the loud applause !

The Ballet o'er, again the crashing choir,  
Poured forth their volley like a muster-fire.  
Not their's the task to elevate the soul,  
And banish vice by melody's control.  
Despising simple strains that touch the heart,  
They only sought to show their wond'rous art ;  
To draw down thunders from the shouting band,  
Who most applaud what least they understand ;  
Or please the few, whose souls are in the ear,  
Alive to sounds, but dead to music dear —  
On heartless "execution" ever bent,  
Feeling with sense, but not with sentiment.

This done, the whirling curtain upward flew,

And the bright Opera shone upon our view !  
It was a scene from some far sunny clime,  
Where love is but the gentler name of crime :  
Where sly intrigue is still the business dear,  
From the light marquis to the gondolier ;  
Where truth and virtue are but vulgar saws,  
The banished exiles of voluptuous laws :  
Where 'neath the olive grove and mantling vine,  
The voice of man and nature seems divine :  
Where lawyers plead and brigands rave in rhyme,  
And arrant vixens scold in tune and time !  
Such was the scene, and well the unfolding story,  
Act after act, displayed the opera's glory.  
The gallant priest, the light voluptuous wife,  
The generous corsair, played it to the life !  
And all was music, soft, seductive, sweet, —  
How cold the critic to condemn the cheat !  
How hard the heart that did not feel it best,  
To mock religion, and make truth a jest —  
To laugh at virtue, as a thing of yore,  
A musty prejudice — a vulgar bore, —  
Fit for the puritans who knew no better,  
Than to interpret scripture to the letter !

But all unworthy those of brighter days,  
Who draw their morals from Italian lays —  
Who by this precious 'school of virtue' taught,  
Conceive that pleasure only claims our thought —  
That life is but a merry masquerade,  
The soul a plaything, and intrigue our trade —  
That oaths are songs, that lies are peccadilloes,  
And gentle bandits quite the best of fellows.

The play was o'er, and as the curtain fell,  
I gazed around, to mark the audience well.  
There sat the sallow rake with sunken cheek —  
There at his side the maiden, modest, meek.  
At home, around the bright fire-side, her heart  
Strong in its purity, with shrinking start,  
As when a serpent seeks to fascinate,  
Had spurned in scorn the hollow reprobate.  
But now beneath a softer atmosphere, —  
His voice did not offend her — nay, 'twas dear —  
His gaze was kind — and gentle was his sigh —  
And she returned it, tho' with downcast eye.  
I saw her breast — a mirror pure and true,  
But sullying vapors o'er its surface flew —  
A healthful flower, that breathed a noxious air,

And sick'ning strewed its dying fragrance there —  
A gentle bird half charmed, which, though it 'scape,  
Bears on its soul the coiling serpent's shape.

O'er scenes like this, around each circling tier,  
I bent my gaze, in sorrow and in fear —  
From many a youthful heart, I saw the bloom  
Of purity, brushed rudely to its tomb.  
That holiest thing on earth, the blossom-flush  
Of maiden modesty, had lost its blush —  
And the soiled bosom like the scentless rose,  
No sweet returning fragrance ever knows —  
The priceless bloom of innocence once fled —  
It will not bud again — the root is dead.

Not o'er the young, the gentle and the true,  
Alone, that night the red sirocco flew:  
O'er harder hearts it swept with softening sway,  
And ties of duty melted light away.  
Things it were insult to a lady's ear,  
To name elsewhere, were lawful topics here —  
And who will fail to speak of what they see,  
And feel, together, in close sympathy?  
Not that the heart gives way before a shock —

But drop by drop the water wears the rock.  
By light attrition, manners ever change —  
What once we spurned, soon ceases to be strange —  
My lady's hat that seemed at first a fright,  
Is soon in fashion, and we deem it right.  
The thing we hated, now familiar grown,  
We take of course, and wear it as our own :  
And thus that wall, our pious fathers built —  
Strict conversation — as a bar to guilt —  
O'erthrown by manners foreign to our clime,  
Will not the weak or wicked rush to crime?  
Will not the willing fortress soon be won,  
When once the insidious parley is begun?

Next comes the Farce — an importation new,  
From London — where if Bulwer tells us true,  
A lying fop, like Pelham is genteel,  
And where in high life, 'tis the vogue to steal —  
Not, gentle reader, such vile stuff as cash —  
For that, in good society, is trash —  
But like the naked lords of Papua's isle,  
They steal each other's wives, once in a while.  
Strange, it might seem, to boast of equal laws,  
Where if one steal a horse, the halter draws :

While yet to steal a wife, brings no attain't,  
And at St. James's does not soil a saint!  
And yet more strange, that we should love the tale,  
That lifts from this *low* life, the decent veil —  
That thus we pore o'er Bulwer's sully'ing page,  
And cheer the offspring of the British stage —  
Induced to sanction what is vile and silly,  
Because, forsooth, 'tis done in Piccadilly.

But to the Farce : the scene in London laid,  
Told the old story of the lord and maid ;  
And while the latter like a leaf was cast,  
Down to her grave, the lordling braved the blast —  
Nay — as a feather in his tossing plume,  
Wore the black record of that maiden's doom ;  
And with seduction added to his fame,  
His grace, his fortune and his lordly name,  
Who could resist ? He wooed a lady bland,  
And she, forgiving, fondly gave her hand !

The curtain fell, and on their faces grave,  
I read the sentence, Truth and Reason gave :  
And with their frown imprinted on my sight,  
The solemn vision faded into night !

## THE GREEK LOVERS.

Fly, Greek ! for the gloomy battle-cloud  
Hangs darkling in thy rear ;  
The shout of the turbaned foe is loud,  
And his flashing steel is near.

Thy ready arm and thy gallant hand,  
Gainst a host would strike in vain ;  
Then haste thou to some refuge-land,  
Across yon murmuring main.

Thy home is lost — thy friends are dead —  
Beneath yon murky pall,  
That casts its shadows wide and dread,  
They sleep in their ghastly thrall.

They will not wake though the clarion rings —  
Alas ! how cold the Greek  
Who sleeps while his bleeding country flings  
Her call from each bannered peak !



Hoof-torn, and ~~sabre~~-scarred, they rest,  
Fathers, and sons, and brothers —  
Lover, and loved, still breast to breast —  
And clinging babes and mothers.

The crescent waves o'er the trampled cross,  
The Turks on the Christian tread ;  
Oh ! stay not, Greek, to count thy loss —  
A price is on thy head !

Thy path is o'er the deep — away !  
The moonbeam lights the tide ;  
Launch thy swift shallop through the spray,  
With that trembler at thy side!

Thy sheltering sword around her brow  
Hath been a shield to-day ;  
And she is all that liveth now,  
Young Greek, to thee — away !

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## THE MANIAC.

On a tall cliff that overhung the deep,  
A maniac stood. He heeded not the sweep  
Of the swift gale that lashed the troubled main,  
And spread with showery foam the watery plain.  
His reckless foot was on the dizzy line  
That edged the precipice impending o'er the brine ;  
His form was bent, and leaning from the height,  
Like the light gull whose wing is stretched for flight.  
Far down beneath his feet the surges broke ;  
Above his head the pealing thunders spoke ;  
Around him flashed the lightning's ruddy glare,  
And rushing torrents swept along the air.  
But nought he heeded, save a gallant sail  
That on the sea was wrestling with the gale.  
Far on the ocean's billowy verge she hung,  
And strove to shun the storm that landward swung.  
With many a tack she turned her bending side  
To the rude blast, and bravely stemmed the tide.  
In vain ! the bootless strife with fate is o'er —

And the doomed vessel nears the iron shore.  
She seems a mighty bird whose wing is rent  
By the red shaft from heaven's fierce quiver sent.  
Her mast is shivered and her helm is lashed,  
Around her prow the kindled waves are dashed —  
And as an eagle swooping in its might,  
Toward the dark cliff she speeds her headlong flight.  
She comes, she strikes ! the trembling wave with-  
draws,  
And the hushed elements a moment pause ;  
Then swelling high above their helpless prey,  
The billows burst, and bear the wreck away !

One look to heaven the raptured maniac cast,  
One low breathed murmur from his bosom passed ;  
' God of the soul and sea ! I read thy choice —  
Told by the shipwreck and the whirlwind's voice.  
In this dread omen I can trace my doom,  
And hear thee bid me seek an ocean-tomb.  
Like the lost ship my weary mind hath striven  
With the wild tempest o'er my spirit driven ;  
That strife is done — and the dim caverned sea  
Of this wrecked bosom must the mansion be.

Thou who canst bid the billows cease to roll,  
Oh ! smooth a pillow for my weary soul —  
Watch o'er the pilgrim in his shadowy sleep  
And send sweet dreams to light ~~the~~ sullen deep !'

Thus spoke the maniac while above he gazed  
And his pale hands beseechingly up-raised ;  
Then on the viewless wind he swiftly sprung,  
And far below his senseless form was flung ;  
A thin white spray told where he met the wave,  
And battling surges thunder o'er his grave.

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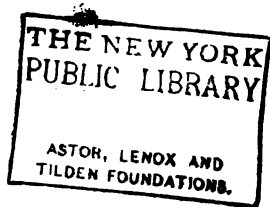
## MY HOME AND THEE.

I love the landscape, and its heavenly hue,  
The rolling river, and the swelling sea,  
The deep green valley, and the mountain blue ;  
But better still my home — my home — and thee !

I love bold nature's voice, loud ocean's roar,  
The pouring cataract, and the melody  
Of winter winds, and sighing woods ; but more  
The voice of love — my home — my home and thee !

I have an eye that sees, a heart that feels  
The charm that nature flings o'er lawn and lea ;  
Yet to my breast a frequent sadness steals  
To think how far I roam — from home and thee !

And when the glories of the landscape past,  
Come thick and thronging o'er my memory —  
To envious hate, my love is turned at last,  
For these divide me — from my home and thee.





TO F. C. L. N.

With sportive sylphs that course the air,  
And on wings that twilight weaves  
To aid the opening rose repair,  
And breathe sweet incense o'er its leaves.

With sparkling cups of bubbles made,  
They catch the ruddy beams of day,  
And steal the rainbow's sweetest shade,  
Their blushing favorite to array.

They gather gems with sunbeams drest,  
From floating clouds and falling stars;  
They rob Aurora's locks of light  
To grace their own fair quiver of flowers.

Thus, thus adorned, the sparkling rose  
Becomes a token fit to tell  
Of things that would be vain to disclose  
And nought but this reveal so well





TO ELLEN.

The sportive sylphs that course the air,  
Unseen on wings that twilight weaves,  
Around the opening rose repair,  
And breathe sweet incense o'er its leaves.

With sparkling cups of bubbles made,  
They catch the ruddy beams of day,  
And steal the rainbow's sweetest shade,  
Their blushing favorite to array.

They gather gems with sunbeams bright,  
From floating clouds and falling showers,  
They rob Aurora's locks of light  
To grace their own fair queen of flowers.

Thus, thus adorned, the speaking rose  
Becomes a token fit to tell,  
Of things that words can ne'er disclose,  
And nought but this reveal so well

Then take my flower, and let its leaves  
Beside thy heart be cherished near,  
While that confiding heart receives  
The thought it whispers to thine ear.

---

## THE GOLDEN DREAM.

In midnight dreams the wizard came,  
And beckoned me away —  
With tempting hopes of wealth and fame,  
He cheered my lonely way.  
He led me o'er a dusky heath,  
And there a river swept,  
Whose gay and glassy tide beneath,  
Uncounted treasure slept.  
The wooing ripples lightly dashed  
Around the cherished store,  
And circling eddies brightly flashed  
Above the yellow ore.  
I bent me o'er the deep smooth stream,  
And plunged the gold to get,  
But oh ! it vanished with my dream —  
And I got dripping wet !  
O'er lonely heath and darksome hill,  
As shivering home I went,  
The mocking wizard whispered shrill,  
'Thou'dst better been content !'


**SONG: THE RIVER.**

Oh ! swiftly flows the stream,  
Its waters will not stay, —  
They glide like pleasure's dream,  
Away, away !

The laughing ripples flash  
With many a silver ray, —  
But light as love they dash  
Away, away !

The eddies, clear as glass,  
Like lingering lovers play, —  
But soon like lovers pass  
Away, away !

But other waves as bright  
Along these banks will stray, —  
Then let them speed their flight  
Away, away !



SONG: THE ROBIN.


At misty dawn,  
At rosy morn,  
The redbreast sings alone —  
At twilight dim,  
Still still his hymn  
Hath a sad and sorrowing tone.

Another day  
His song is gay,  
For a listening bird is near —  
O ye who sorrow,  
Come borrow, borrow,  
A lesson of robin here !

---

## FAREWELL.

Why, when the sun withdraws its light,  
And sinks in some far western wave,  
Leaving the vale, lawn, landscape, height,  
Mantled in evening's shadows grave —  
Why is no sadness at the heart,  
To see that warm fond friend depart?  
'Tis that he comes again to-morrow,  
To light the eye, and laugh at sorrow.  
Why do we part with spring — its flowers,  
Its bloom, its sunshine, and its showers,  
And see its verdant honors die,  
With scarce one tribute, tear or sigh?  
'Tis that another year will bring  
These beauties back with speedy wing.  
Why do we see the forest shed  
Its willing leaves, now dim and dead,  
And weep not? 'tis that vernal rain  
Will bid the forest bloom again.  
But oh! 'twere hard to look our last  
On setting sun, or fading flower;



To see the forest foliage cast,  
And know these scenes, for us, are o'er.  
But more than spring, or sun, or bloom  
Of forest, there is one to me :  
Yet from her lips I take my doom —  
And say a last farewell to Thee !

---



## THE TWO STREAMS .

Two mountain streams like joyous youth,  
Came down the steep with dance and song —  
Rosy with morn and clear as truth,  
The laughing waters swept along.

Away they went with madcap glee,  
And headlong leap o'er rock and bar,  
Shouting like noisy school set free  
And sending forth their music far.

And now they toss their snowy fingers,  
And throw the gauzy spray in air,  
And now each circling eddy lingers,  
To gaze upon the rainbow there.

And now the playful wavelets twine  
Their swelling breasts with bubbles bright,  
And now the rougher billows shine,  
With foam-wreaths on their brows of light.

The streams now reach the valley deep  
And side by side like lovers go,  
And in their wide meandering sweep,  
Move with a soft and silvery flow.

And now the moonlit ripples glide  
With plaintive sighs mid bowering willows —  
The whispering zephyrs woo the tide  
And hold fond dalliance with the billows.

And now the eddies whirl with bliss,  
White lilies in their arms all drooping,  
And leaping waters steal a kiss,  
From roses to their lips half stooping.

And now these kindred streams unite,  
And fondly mingle into one —  
One full fair tide, whose waters bright,  
Quiver and flash beneath the sun !

Onward it flows ! But soon the stream —  
That silver stream, whose peaceful lave  
Seemed like a pure and placid dream,  
Is stained with many a turbid wave.

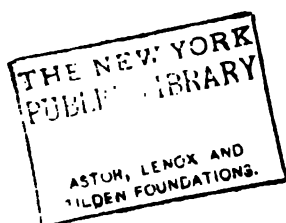
Its crystal breast is torn and crossed

By busy ships that o'er it ply,  
And its once tranquil wave is lost,  
Amid the strife that hurries by.

Onward it flows with ceaseless sweep

To meet the fretful ocean's roar, —  
And there it mingles with the deep,  
And the fair stream is seen no more !

---





*A. Alexander*

*John Henry*

TO JANE.

There is a world of bluer skies,  
And lovelier light than this of ours,  
Where higher, holier mountains rise,  
And valleys bloom with fairer flowers.

Where streams of liquid crystal flow  
And forests wave with silver banners,  
And all around, in peace and joy,  
In Heaven's blissful home, the angels sing.

And airy messengers come singing  
These rosy realms of peace and light,  
And fairest fruits of bliss are brought  
To form an altar to the King.

And friendship's bond and love's soft fingers  
On these have wrought a mystic token  
And, oh the charm that round it lingers,  
Yon life remains, be that unbroken!

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TO JANE.

There is a world of bluer skies,  
And lovelier light than this of ours,  
Where higher, holier mountains rise,  
And valleys bloom with fairer flowers :

Where streams of liquid crystal flow,  
And forests wave with odors teeming,  
And all around, above, below,  
In Heaven's prismatic light is gleaming.

And airy messengers have sought  
These rosy realms of fancy through,  
And fairest fruits and flowers have brought,  
To form an amulet for you.

And friendship's hand and love's soft fingers  
Of these have wreathed a mystic token ;  
And, oh the chain that round it lingers —  
While life remains, be that unbroken !





*F. Alexander*

*Leo Clancy*

TO KATE.

I met a lily in-the vale,  
Just opened to the morning gale ;  
'Twas pure as light, and snowy white,  
And so I stopped to gaze.—  
And “thou art beautiful,” I said —  
That lily did not hide its head,  
But freely forth its odors shed,  
To pay me for my praise.

Beside my path a wild rose grew,  
All spangled o'er with diamond dew ;  
And oh, 'twas fair as things of air —  
I could not pass it by,  
Unheeded as a common flower —  
And so I clapped it, and a shower  
Of tribute pearls confessed my power,  
And told me not to fly.

I found upon the mountain height —  
A virgin spring all pure and bright —

'Twas rippling clear, as beauty's tear —  
All lonely in its leafy bower ; —  
I knelt its crystal lip to kiss ;  
And, oh, its sparkles told of bliss  
Its sighing waters would not miss,  
And bade me kiss once more !

But, Kate, there is a lovelier thing  
Than lily, rose, or mountain spring —  
I tell thee true — thou little shrew !  
And yet it wakes my fears —  
For when I praise, behold it frowns !  
And when I clasp, away it bounds !  
And when I kneel before it, zounds !  
I feel a tingling in my ears !

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## THE JUNIATA.

Stream of the hills! how calm thy waters flow,  
Beneath that sullen cliff of green and brown,  
Bearing the thunder-cloud upon its brow,  
As if it were some tyrant on his throne !

And thou, fair river, bending gently there,  
With trembling bosom, and with whispers sweet,  
Seemest that monarch's queen in beauty rare,  
Murmuring of peace and pity at his feet.

Flow on, bright waters ! through each winding dell,  
And braid thy currents with the far sea waves ;  
Bid these wild banks a long and last farewell,  
And lose thy being in dim ocean caves.

'Tis thus with all that's beautiful below —  
Love, hope, and youth, are speeding to the sea,  
Sparkling awhile like waters in their flow,  
Then lost forever in eternity !

## GRANDFATHER'S BOY.

When some tall sage, revered and gray,  
Prolongs his late and lingering stay,  
What reverent eyes upon him turn !  
How from his lips we love to learn  
The legends of the olden time,  
When the deep wood was in its prime,  
And when, as fancy paints the view,  
All was heroic, bold, and new !  
What though the gray old man may stride  
Some hobby now and then, and ride  
Full tilt against this generation,  
Preaching the downfall of the nation ?  
Still, still, we love to hear him tell  
Of wile and war with savage fell,  
Of bristling bears that bounded by  
And looked lone travellers in the eye ;  
Of panthers stealing o'er the wold,  
And hungry wolves that sought the fold.  
And how around his aged knees,

At winter eve will childhood squeeze,  
And beg with many an earnest dun,  
To hear of war and Washington!  
How will the favorite grandson climb  
And claim *his* seat at such a time,  
And list intently to the tale,  
With wondering eye and cheek all pale —  
Though he perchance can only sift  
From look and tone the story's drift.  
How on the morrow will that boy,  
With swelling thought resign his toy,  
Steal the cocked hat, and on his nose,  
The reverend spectacles impose,  
Mount to the vacant chair, and place  
The wise gazette before his face,  
And there, half sly, half serious pore  
The last night's legend o'er and o'er,  
And deem himself in boyish glory,  
The gray haired hero of the story!

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## SONNET.

Tell me ye viewless spirits of the air,  
Wh osteal upon the soul with silent wing,  
Seeming to wake as with its breath, a string  
That yields wild melody, all hidden there —  
Tell me if ye are visions from the tomb,  
Or dreams awaked by wizard fancy's call,  
Or ministers of ill, released from thrall,  
In robes of light, to tempt us to our doom?  
Or messengers of peace from regions blest,  
On mercy's errand stooping from above?  
Or friends departed, drawn by lingering love  
To whisper weal or warning to the breast?  
Ye have no voice to answer, but the eye  
Doth trace your homeward pathway to the sky!

---

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

The hand that late in friendship's grasp  
Was warm and true to mine,  
Now lies within a mouldering clasp,  
Submissive and supine.

The eye that shone so calmly blue —  
And deep as yonder sky,  
As if a world of thought it knew —  
Alas 'tis closed for aye!

The cheek that kindled with fresh feeling,  
As hills reflect the day,  
The dawn of every thought revealing —  
'Tis cold unconscious clay!

The lip is mute, the silent breast,  
A lonely house within —  
And the soul in its land of rest,  
Forgets this world of sin.



TO A MOTHER,  
ON THE DEATH OF HER CHILD.

Beneath my window grew a tree,  
And on that tree a bird was bred —  
'Twas dear, that little bird to me,  
As dew on thirsting roses shed.

Its carol came at misty morn,  
Mingling with all my dreams of love —  
And from its lowly perch of thorn,  
It bore my winged thoughts above.

And oh, I never dreamed to part  
With one so fair, to me so dear —  
But fondly deemed 'twould stay, my heart  
With songs of love and peace to cheer.

But winter came, and in the morn,  
That gentle bird had flown away —  
No music echoed from the thorn,  
No foot was clinging to the spray !

'Twas gone, and its sweet silver chime,  
To other lands away was borne ;  
And happy in its genial clime,  
I would not, though my heart be torn —

I would not wish that bird to stay,  
In this cold land of storm and sleet —  
Yet oft I deem some summer day,  
My little bird once more to meet !

---

## THE CONVICT.

'Tis the midnight hour : in the prisoner's cell  
No sound is heard, save the grinding chain,  
And a thobbing pulse, whose beatings tell  
Of an aching heart, and a troubled brain.

The raven gloom in that narrow den,  
No shadowy form to the eye reveals ;  
But a ray like the gleam of a tiger's ken,  
In his lair at night, through the blackness steals.

Yet it is not fear of the morrow's doom,  
Of the muffled drum, and the death-array,  
That chases sleep from the pirate's room,  
And fills his eye with the lightning's play —

For he hath closed in the dark sea-fight,  
And smiled on the corses all gashed and grim,  
As they rose to view by the pale moonlight,  
And glared through the glassy wave on him.

Aye, he hath smiled with a scoffer's lip,  
And laughed at death when the blast was high,  
When the sea-bird sunk on the staggering ship,  
And the billows howled o'er the breakers nigh —

He hath laughed at these in the midnight gloom,  
And trolled his song on the whirlwind's wing,  
And he careth not for the morrow's doom,  
Or the fatal clasp of the strangling string.

Why heaves he then like the troubled wave,  
When lashed by the tempests that o'er it sweep?  
It is, that the hush of the sullen grave,  
Cannot lull the soul in its lasting sleep.

His days are told, and the midnight pall,  
O'er life's cheating pageant its shadow flings,  
And the restless spirit now bursting its thrall,  
Waves startled and buoyant its quickened wings.

Time's gathered mist from his mind is hurled,  
And the lightning flashes of truth reveal  
To his shrinking vision, that spirit world,  
Which the clouds of earth from the sight conceal.

As the vessel that catches with fluttering sail,  
The freshening tempest and flies before —  
So he in his bosom doth feel the gale,  
That drives him a wreck on eternity's shore.

As the rock mounted eagle, that oft hath defied  
The stroke of the gale, and the bolt of the blast,  
Now bleeding and torn, from his ærie of pride,  
To the doom of the vale by the whirlwind is cast —

So he in that prison doth feel a rush,  
O'er his cowering spirit he cannot stay —  
As the eagle's wing on the tempest-gush,  
He is struggling borne to his doom away.

---

## THE TOMB.

Beneath this verdant turf the bed is laid,  
Where we must sleep when feverish life is done —  
The silent couch for weary mortals made,  
When toil is o'er, and darkly sets the sun.

And deeply shrouded in its dim repose,  
This throbbing soul, forgetting and forgot,  
On some sweet pillow of the mind shall close  
Its lid — and earth shall be as it were not.

Hope then may call, and bustling care may come,  
Ambition's clarion peal may ring aloud,  
But yet in vain, for all is hushed and dumb,  
In the chill mansion of the sod and shroud.

Earth here hath lost its voice — the listening soul  
Waits for another call its sleep to break —  
It will not hear though rattling thunders roll,  
And the torn rocks like trembling aspens quake.

Nay, o'er the tomb, the trampling steed of war  
    May rend the grassy sod with flying heel ;  
The thrilling drum, the cannon's thundering jar,  
    May shake the hollow mansion with its peal —

The clash of arms, the muttered groan of strife,  
    The shout of victory, the wail of woe,  
The parting cries of those who part with life —  
    These cannot mar the sleeper's dream below.

Nor will he lift his head the tale to hear,  
    Though wondering echoes to his pillow come ;  
A seal is on the soul, and on the ear,  
    And the once beating heart, and all is dumb.

Aye, and that fearful seal Man cannot break —  
    He cannot burst the thralldom of the tomb —  
God, God alone the slumbering soul can wake,  
    And rouse the spirit from its shadowy doom !

And if he wake it not, that sleep will be  
    A long chill night, without a dawning beam —  
Time's sun shall set, and dread eternity  
    Shall pass the sleeper by in death's cold dream !

## THE SURF SPRITE.

### I.

In the far off sea there is many a sprite,  
Who rests by day, but awakes at night.  
In hidden caves where monsters creep,  
When the sun is high, these spectres sleep :  
From the glance of noon, they shrink with dread,  
And hide mid the bones of the ghastly dead.  
Where the surf is hushed, and the light is dull,  
In the hollow tube and the whitened skull,  
They crouch in fear or in whispers wail,  
For the lingering night, and the coming gale.  
But at eventide, when the shore is dim,  
And bubbling wreaths with the billows swim,  
They rise on the wing of the freshened breeze,  
And flit with the wind o'er the rolling seas.

At summer eve, as I sat on the cliff,  
I marked a shape like a dusky skiff,  
That skimmed the brine, toward the rocky shore —  
I heard a voice in the surge's roar —



I saw a form in the flashing spray,  
And white arms beckoned me away.

## II.

Away o'er the tide we went together,  
Through shade and mist and stormy weather —  
Away, away, o'er the lonely water,  
    On wings of thought like shadows we flew,  
Nor paused mid scenes of wreck and slaughter,  
    That came from the blackened waves to view.  
The staggering ship to the gale we left,  
    The drifting corse and the vacant boat,  
The ghastly swimmer all hope bereft —  
    We left them there on the sea to float !  
Through mist and shade and stormy weather,  
    That night we went to the icy Pole,  
And there on the rocks we stood together,  
    And saw the ocean before us roll.  
No moon shone down on the hermit sea,  
    No cheering beacon illumed the shore,  
No ship on the water, no light on the lea,  
    No sound in the ear but the billow's roar.

But the wave was bright, as if lit with pearls,  
And fearful things on its bosom played ;  
Huge crakens circled in foamy whirls,  
As if the deep for their sport was made,  
Or mighty whales through the crystal dashed,  
And upward sent the far glittering spray,  
Till the darkened sky with the radiance flashed,  
And pictured in glory the wild array.\*

## III.

Hast thou seen the deep in the moonlight beam,  
Its wave like a maiden's bosom swelling ?  
Hast thou seen the stars in the water's gleam,  
As if its depths were their holy dwelling ?  
We met more beautiful scenes that night,  
As we slid along in our spirit-car,  
For we crossed the South Sea, and, ere the light,  
We doubled Cape Horn on a shooting star.  
In our way we stooped o'er a moonlit isle,  
Which the fairies had built in the lonely sea,

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\* The Laplanders are said to entertain the idea that the corruscations of the aurora borealis, are occasioned by the sports of the fishes in the polar seas.

And the surf spirit's brow was bent with a smile,  
As we gazed through the mist on their revelry.  
The ripples that swept to the pebbly shore,  
O'er shells of purple in wantonness played,  
And the whispering zephyrs sweet odors bore,  
From roses that bloomed amid silence and shade.  
In winding grottos, with gems all bright,  
Soft music trembled from harps unseen,  
And fair forms glided on wings of light,  
Mid forests of fragrance, and valleys of green.  
There were voices of gladness the heart to beguile,  
And glances of beauty too fond to be true —  
For the surf sprite shrieked, and the Fairy Isle,  
By the breath of the tempest was swept from our  
view.

## IV.

Then the howling gale o'er the billows rushed,  
And trampled the sea in its march of wrath;  
From stooping clouds the red lightnings gushed,  
And thunders moved in their blazing path.  
'Twas a fearful night, but my shadowy guide  
Had a voice of glee as we rode on the gale,

For we saw afar a ship on the tide,  
With a bounding course and a fearless sail.  
In darkness it came, like a storm-sent bird,  
But another ship it met on the wave —  
A shock — a shout — but no more we heard,  
For they both went down to their ocean-grave!  
We paused on the misty wing of the storm,  
As a ruddy flash lit the face of the deep,  
And far in its bosom full many a form  
Was swinging down to its silent sleep.  
Another flash! and they seemed to rest,  
In scattered groups, on the floor of the tide —  
The lover and loved, they were breast to breast,  
The mother and babe, they were side by side.  
The leaping waves clapped their hands in joy,  
And gleams of gold with the waters flowed,  
But the peace of the sleepers knew no alloy,  
For all was hushed in their lone abode.

## V.

On, on, like midnight visions, we passed,  
The storm above, and the surge below,

And shrieking forms swept by on the blast,  
Like demons speeding on errands of woe.  
My spirit sank, for aloft in the cloud,  
A star-set flag on the whirlwind flew,  
And I knew that the billow must be the shroud  
Of the noble ship and her gallant crew.  
Her side was striped with a belt of white,  
And a dozen guns from each battery frowned,  
But the lightning came in a sheet of flame,\*  
And the towering sails in its folds were wound.  
Vain, vain was the shout, that in battle rout,  
Had rung as a knell in the ear of the foe,  
For the bursting deck was heaved from the wreck,  
And the sky was bathed in the awful glow !  
The ocean shook to its oozy bed,  
As the swelling sound to the canopy went,  
And the splintered fires like meteors shed  
Their light o'er the tossing element.

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\*The loss of the United States Sloop of War Hornet, in the Gulf of Mexico, 1829, suggested this passage. She was supposed to have gone down in a hurricane, but as nothing is positively known on the subject, it is not beyond lawful poetical license to imagine, at least in a dream, that the powder magazine was set on fire by the lightning, and the ship rent in pieces, by the explosion.

A moment they gleamed, then sank in the foam,  
And darkness swept over the gorgeous glare —  
They lighted the mariners down to their home,  
And left them all sleeping in stillness there!

## VI.

The storm is hushed, and my vision is o'er,  
The surf sprite changed to a foamy wreath,  
The night is deepened along the shore,  
And I thread my way o'er the dusky heath.  
But often again I shall go to that cliff,  
And seek for her form on the flashing tide,  
For I know she will come in her airy skiff,  
And over the sea we shall swiftly ride!

---

**TO A LADY**

**ON HER MARRIAGE.**

Farewell ! thy last adieu is ta'en,  
And thou goest forth on the doubtful sea —  
Yet fear thee not, for the crystal main  
And the placid sky seem bent for thee.

There's many a prayer and many a sigh,  
On the gentle breeze that sweeps thee o'er —  
Yet fear thee not, for Heaven is nigh  
To the trembling wave, as the anchored shore !

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## THE BLIND GIRL

TO HER MOTHER.

Mother, they say the stars are bright,  
And the broad Heavens are blue —  
I dream of them by day and night,  
And think them all like you.  
I cannot touch the distant skies,  
The stars ne'er speak to me —  
Yet their sweet images arise,  
And blend with thoughts of thee.  
I know not why, but oft I dream,  
Of the far land of bliss ;  
And when I hear thy voice, I deem,  
That Heaven is like to this.  
When my sad heart to thine is pressed,  
My follies all forgiven,  
Sweet pleasure warms my beating breast,  
And this I say is Heaven.  
O mother, will the God above,  
Forgive my faults like thee ?



Will he bestow such care and love  
On a blind thing like me ?  
Dear mother, leave me not alone !  
Go with me, when I die —  
Lead thy blind daughter to the throne,  
And stay in yonder sky !

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## WILL HE BITE!\*

No, boy, not one so innocent as thou;  
With such youth and gentleness on his brow.  
He will not harm thy little hand,  
Or shrink from the touch of one so bland.  
He sees in thy full and speaking eye,  
Only the hues of the bending sky —  
He marks in thy cheek but the wild flower's glow,  
He hears in thy voice but the glad rill's flow.  
He sees in thy step but the joyous bound  
Of the mountain lamb on the slopes around.  
He will not bite, for thine image brings  
But semblances of familiar things —  
Things that he loves in the breezy wood,  
In the leafy dell, and the shouting flood.  
It was deeply told, when in youth he swung  
Aloft on an oak where the loud winds sung,

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\* Suggested by Fisher's picture of a boy, asking a man who offers to sell a Squirrel, — 'Will he bite?'

It was told by a whispering voice to his heart,  
From a look like thine that he need not start.  
'Twas the wily eye, and the stealing tread,  
And the knowing brow, he was taught to dread.  
But thou wert safe as a mountain flower,  
Where the sliding snake and gaunt wolf cower —  
Aye, and the proud may learn from the lay,  
That Innocence hath a surer shield than they.

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## THE ARTIST.

I met him in the shadowy glen, —  
I met him in the tangled wood —  
I met him, where the noise of men,  
Dies on the ear of solitude.  
His youthful brow was pale and dreamy,  
His auburn hair was thin and curled,  
His large soft eye was blue and beamy —  
Yet shunned the gazing of the world.  
He climbed the cliff and trod the glade,  
And ranged alone o'er hill and dell, —  
Along bright babbling waters strayed,  
And marked each lovely aspect well.  
And then these scenes he fondly drew,  
And such his pencil's magic skill,  
Each graceful group, each heavenly hue,  
Beneath his touch grew lovelier still.  
When on his living canvas set,  
The moonlit lake more sweetly gleamed ;  
And where two gushing streamlets met,

More brightly still the bubbles beamed.  
But why that look of mild despair,  
That wasted form, that hollow cheek ?  
Go strip his blasted bosom bare,  
And read the record that ye seek.  
'Tis but the tale of one, who dies  
A victim of the world's neglect ;  
A spirit born for other skies,  
On this dark icy planet wrecked —  
One who hath wandered from his sphere,  
And finds himself alone — alone —  
Who meets no sympathy — no tear —  
No echo to his bosom's tone.

Follow his fate : slow penury's tide  
Creeps on with sickness in its train —  
No friend sits watching at his side,  
No gentle accents sooth his pain ;  
But bowed beneath a lowly shed,  
His fevered form is idly thrown —  
Stretched on a hard and scanty bed,  
He meets his mournful fate alone !  
But stay ! the time of darkest gloom,

Is that which shrouds the breaking day ;  
And is the sufferer's hour of doom  
But lit with hope's delusive ray ?  
His name hath reached the world's dull ear,  
His tale is on the world's loud tongue,  
And wondering listeners press to hear  
His story told, his sorrows sung !  
And those who passed the poor unknown  
In cold indifference or scorn,  
Now that his fame abroad is blown,  
Recount his deeds, his tale adorn !  
And now his works of matchless skill,  
Are gathered up with busy care,  
And, ranged along the gallery, fill  
The thronging crowds with wonder rare.  
And now each knowing novice traces,  
Full many a touch of life and power,  
And points out deep laid loves and graces,  
Beneath each mimic leaf and flower.  
And e'en the captious critic dwells  
On the proud show with raptured gaze :  
Now of some hidden blemish tells,  
Now master strokes of art displays.

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And now the warm appeal is made  
In his behalf whose bosom bleeds ;  
And shall it be a vain parade,  
When genius asks and pity pleads ?  
It cannot be — the miser gives !  
The ample purse is full of gold !  
Yet all too late — the spirit lives, —  
But the wrung heart is crushed and cold !  
Beneath a humble shed he died —  
While with his praise fame filled the air,  
Alone — no friend his bed beside,  
The hapless victim of despair !

\* \* \* \*

Thus oft some bird from tropic shores,  
The summer zephyr tempts to roam,  
But soon the blast of winter roars,  
And drives the stricken wanderer home.  
Thus oft some gentle spirit stoops,  
To this chill earth from Heaven above,  
But here his angel pinion droops,  
And back he flies to worlds of love !

WEEP NOT FOR HIM.

Weep not for him who hath laid his head,  
On a pillow of earth, in the cypress shade —  
For the sweetest dews that the night winds shed,  
Descend on that couch for the sleeper made.

Weep not for him, though the wintry sleet  
Throw its glittering folds o'er his manly breast —  
That spotless robe is a covering meet,  
For the shrouded soul in its home of rest.

Weep not for him, though his heart is still,  
And the soul-lit eye like a lamp grown dim —  
Though the noble pulse, as an icy rill,  
By the frost is chained — O weep not for him!

The diamond gathers its purest ray,  
In the hidden grot, where no sun is known —  
And the sweetest voices of music play,  
In the trembling ear of silence alone



And there in the frown of that starless tomb,  
A lovelier light breaks in on the eye —  
And wind-harps sweep through the sullen gloom,  
To call the sleeper away to the sky !

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## GRATITUDE.

TO . . . . .

Go gather ye grapes of the barren thorn —  
Flowers of the snow-wreath, though winter be rude —  
But think not that love or friendship is born —  
Or born but to perish — of gratitude !

The maiden may love though thou dost betray,  
And banded thieves to each other be true —  
But the heart will never its homage pay,  
Where homage, forsooth, may be claimed as due.

Thou wilt pay thy debt, be it silver and gold, —  
Thou wilt give, perchance, if thy gift be free —  
But whispering pride to thy bosom told  
That thy gratitude is but slavery.

It told thee to cover with seemly words,  
The secrets that deep in thy bosom play —  
That love is free as the fluttering birds,  
And will not be given old debts to pay !

## A VISION.

'Twas midnight, and the lulling hour,  
Threw o'er my heart its drowsy power.  
My fire and lamp in languor vied,—  
In fitful snatches blazed and died.  
At length their gasping life was closed,  
And all my sense in slumber dozed.  
Yet still awake the winged thought,  
In busy visions wildly wrought :  
Now fancy's frost-work scenes were reared,  
Dazzled and shone, and disappeared ;  
Now sable truth, by fiction led,  
Alternate marched, and danced, and fled.

Deeper at length my slumbers grew,  
And fairer visions came to view.  
Borne as on beams of liquid gold,  
A maiden came, of fairy mould :  
Her parted locks of auburn hair,  
Displayed a forehead high and fair.  
Beside her cheek the rainbow's red,

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The damask of the rose, were dead ;  
And lovelier was her flashing eye,  
Than all the blue of April's sky.  
A robe of mountain azure wound  
Its pearly folds her form around :  
And on her waist in beauty gleams,  
A woven zone of morning beams.  
A being of another sphere,  
She stands confessed — what doth she here ?

“ Though bright and favored I may be,  
I come to crave a boon of thee —  
From yonder dim and distant sphere,  
In search of truth I wander here.  
I marked this dark and erring star,  
From worlds which roll so faint and far,  
And on the lightning wing of thought,  
Through trackless space my journey wrought.  
I've heard that o'er this varied earth  
A being dwells of heavenly birth —  
Condemned, a 'mortal coil' to wear,  
Till partial death the veil shall tear.  
Say, is it so? Then lead my sight

To see this heir of life and light.  
Where doth he dwell? I've sought in vain  
Wide east and west, o'er land and main.  
I've marked the insect of a day —  
The vocal bird with plumage gay,  
The gazing brute, and man beside,  
With all his ignorance and pride.  
And these befit your balmy air,  
Thy glorious sun, these landscapes fair —  
But tell me, which among them all,  
Aspires beyond this earthly ball?  
Doth *Man* immortal wishes weave?  
Nay, to this earth his heart-strings cleave!  
E'en while he talks of holier joys,  
He closer hugs his earthly toys.  
In every clime I've read his race,  
In every bosom folly trace.  
The humble cot, the royal hall,  
The hermit's roof, the noble's wall —  
The city wide — which e'er I scan,  
Shows the same bubble-chasing man!  
Say not I feel unrighteous sway —  
I do but strip disguise away.

I've seen the monk with saintly air,  
On bended knee, in seeming prayer, —  
While every thought was bent to win,  
A holy name to shelter sin.  
I've seen the man who talked of heaven,  
While yet his heart to earth was given —  
Who, saying all below was vain,  
Strove night and day for worldly gain.  
I've seen the priest, who told of hell  
For drunkards made, and fiends that fell,  
Go from the desk and steep his soul,  
Deep in the pleasures of the bowl!  
I've seen — but why these pictures rear?  
Man — earth-born man, is wedded here.  
Here of this clay his form is made,  
Here his fond hopes, his joys, are stayed.  
Born of the earth, he breathes its air,  
Its pleasure seeks, partakes its care,  
Drinks of its streams, devours its fruit,  
And moulders like his fellow brute !”

The maiden paused — her keen, fixed eye,  
And solemn air, claimed quick reply.  
With trembling heart and troubled thought,

For fitting speech I anxious sought ;  
But e'er the ardent word was spoke,  
The all truth-seeming vision broke ;  
The radiant spirit fled away,  
And I awoke to muse and pray—  
To pray, if such our seeming life,  
That heaven would aid us in the strife,  
To burst those cruel chains that bind,  
To this poor sphere, the immortal mind ;  
Which link to bubbles and to toys,  
Our hopes, our wishes, and our joys ;  
And fain would make the heart forego,  
For this sad world of toil and woe,  
That nobler heritage of love,  
Which waits for man, with God above !

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## THE DREAM OF YOUTH.

In days of yore, while yet the world was new,  
And all around was beautiful to view,  
When spring or summer ruled the happy hours,  
And golden fruit hung down mid opening flowers ;  
When, if you chanced among the woods to stray,  
The rosy footed Dryads led the way, —  
Or if beside a mountain brook your path,  
You ever caught some Naiad at her bath :  
'Twas in that golden day, that Damon strayed,  
Musing, alone, along a Grecian glade.  
Retired the scene, yet in the morning light,  
Athens in view, shone glimmering to the sight.  
'Twas far away, yet painted on the skies,  
It seemed a marble cloud of glorious dyes,  
Where yet the rosy morn, with lingering ray,  
Loved on the sapphire pediments to play.  
But why did Damon heed the *distant* scene ?  
For he was young, and all around was green —  
A noisy brook was romping through the dell.



And on his ear the laughing echoes fell —  
Along his path the stooping wild flowers grew,  
And woo'd the very zephyrs as they flew.  
Then why young Damon heeding nought around,  
Seemed in some thrall of distant vision bound,  
I cannot tell — but dreamy grew his gaze,  
And all his thought was in a misty maze.  
Awhile he sauntered — then beneath a tree,  
He sat him down, and there a reverie  
Came o'er his spirit like a spell, — and bright,  
A truth-like vision, shone upon his sight.  
Around on every side, with glowing pinions,  
A circling band, as if from Jove's dominions,  
All wooing came, and sought with wily art,  
To steal away the youthful dreamer's heart.  
One offered wealth — another spoke of fame,  
And held a wreath to twine around his name —  
One brought the pallet, and the magic brush,  
By which creative art bids nature blush,  
To see her rival ; — and the artful boy,  
His story told — the all entrancing joy  
His skill could give, — but well the rogue concealed  
The piercing thorns that flourish unrevealed,

Along the artist's path — the poverty, the strife  
Of study, and the weary waste of life —  
All this, the draw-back of his wily tale,  
The little artist covered with a veil.

Young Damon listened, and his heart beat high —  
But now a cunning archer gained his eye —  
And stealing close, he whispered in his ear,  
A glowing tale, so musical and dear,  
That Damon vowed, like many a panting youth,  
To Love, eternal constancy and truth !  
But while the whisper from his bosom broke,  
A fearful image to his spirit spoke —  
With frowning brow, and giant arm he stood,  
Holding a glass, as if in threatening mood,  
He waited but a moment for the sand,  
To sweep the idle dreamer from the land !

Young Damon started, and his dream was o'er,  
But to his soul, the seeming vision bore  
A solemn meaning, which he could not spurn —  
And youth perchance may from our fable learn,  
That while the beckoning passions woo and sigh,  
TIME, with his ready scythe stands listening by.

## THE SILVER CASCADE

### IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

How beautiful yon glittering tide, as down  
It leaps and clatters through its rocky path,  
Seeming to smoothe the mountain's angry frown,  
As a bright smile shines o'er a giant's wrath !

Or it might seem a diadem of jewels fair,  
Upon a monarch's brow ; a silver gushing shower  
Of sunbeams gathered from the cloud and air,  
Mingling with beauty, fearful signs of power !

Oh nature, what a wizard wand is thine !  
How fearful is thy work, and yet how fair !  
The grand — the lovely — how their charms  
combine,  
And to the heart their woven whispers bear !

And as I look on yonder crystal gush,  
Or listen to its mingling laugh and moan,

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How many memories to my bosom rush,  
Like music's sweet, but half forgotten tone.

All that is good and holy — thoughts of home,  
On earth — in heaven — they seem to mingle here;  
Love, friendship, piety, they bubbling come,  
In one new tide of passion, deep and clear.

Mysterious nature — thou'rt a holy book,  
By God laid open : mountain, rock, and knoll,  
With a rapt spirit let me on thee look,  
And read thy deep revealings to the soul !

Spirit of heaven ! thy hand alone could blend,  
Wood, wind, and wave in melody so sweet :  
Thy hand alone, the rocky cliffs could bend,  
And pour so bright a river at their feet !

Man with his petty arts is far away,  
And no harsh echo of his deeds is heard :  
Peace in her holy palace here hath sway,  
And truth alone within the breast is stirred.

The morning comes not with a teeming sheet,  
Telling of party strife, and party throes, —  
No evening record of the crowded street,  
Recounts the day's disasters, follies, woes.

No fop intrudes his sickening graces now, —  
The heartless miser, monarch of a bank —  
The titled knave, who claims a lowly bow,  
Though shame shine broadly through his gilded  
rank ; —

These are not here : the wide o'erarching sky  
Is all too pure, and seems to stoop too near —  
And lifts the buoyant heart toward heaven too high,  
For those whose thoughts are wedded to this  
sphere.

Farewell to these ! and let me climb the peak,  
Where yonder current finds a cradle-cloud —  
Where in the storm the lightnings love to speak,  
Full in the front of heaven, God's sentence loud !

And on the mountain's brow, so high and clear,  
I'll mingle with the sky, and deeply fill

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My heart with beauty, and my charmed ear,  
With the sweet cadence of the mountain rill.


Farewell, bright waters ! though my feet must turn,  
No more to tread this all enchanting scene,  
Yet oft my heart with deep delight shall burn,  
As memory brings it back in fadeless green.

Farewell, gray mountain, fare thee well forever !  
Thanks to the joy thy rugged cliffs have given —  
We part, — but when, at last, my heart strings sever,  
My soul shall take thee in its way to heaven !

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## THE WRECK.

'Twas night — upon a rock I stood —  
Before me rolled the troubled seas ;  
A groaning wreck was on the flood,  
And screams came floating on the breeze.  
Though home was near, and close the land,  
And these had come o'er many a wave —  
Yet here, no hope, no help at hand,  
Despairing, they must find a grave !  
I heard the last faint gurgle hushed,  
I heard the whirling waters clash,  
As o'er the vanished hull they rushed,  
And seemed in merry mirth to flash.  
I heard no more — except the dirge —  
The hollow dirge that waters sing,  
When o'er a wreck the boiling surge,  
Its winding sheet of waves doth fling.  
I heard no more — for soon the gale,  
In sighing breezes died away,



And struggling through the midnight veil,  
The moon sent down its mellow ray.  
The light was mingled with the tide,  
Which seemed to flow a sea of gold,  
And glorious in its swelling pride,  
No secret of its bosom told.  
'Tis past, — yet like that wreck so low,  
I too shall sink into my grave,  
While o'er my head, both friend and foe,  
Shall dance as reckless as the wave !

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## THE INDIAN-WEED SPRITE.

In the golden zones of the laughing earth —

In the land of zephyrs — I have my birth ;

    Rolled up in the bud of the Indian-weed,  
Till spring unbinds the winter's spell,

    I live, and then with the lightning's speed,  
I spring to light from my prison cell —

I spring to light, and the mustard flower

I woo perchance for an idle hour ;

    With a fairy wing to the far-off isles  
Of pepper and spice unseen I speed,

    And over them breathe, but my choicest smiles —  
I bring them back to my chosen weed —

I bring them back, and a hidden sprite

I leave to watch o'er each tiny mite —

    And though the winds may scatter the leaf,  
And the shears of fate the threads may sever,

    Yet snug in their shell, in frolic or grief,  
The elves watch o'er them in faith forever.

And though in dust this weed be ground,  
An imp in each mite may still be found —

In the hidden folds of the ample quid,  
In the bowl of the pipe mid smoke and fire,

The little elves — they do as I bid,  
And shedding their fragrance, at last expire !

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## SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION.

The oak that long defies the blast  
Must feel Times's hungry tooth at last —  
Though gnarled and knit with giant strength,  
Though deep its root, it fails at length.  
Its bark is to the earth resigned,  
Its leaves are scattered on the wind,  
And ne'er can vernal sun or rain  
Restore those palsied limbs again.  
Yet there it stands — that noble oak,  
Scarred with full many a thunder-stroke,  
The remnant of a mighty race,  
Now passed and in their resting-place !  
Yet gath'ring round their aged sire  
The sapling woods to heaven aspire,  
While close and clinging to its root  
There springs a fair and favorite shoot,  
Which seems in youthful strength to be  
The semblance of that grandsire tree.  
The winter winds that rustle by

That tall stern oak with hollow sigh,  
Seem to the listening trees beneath,  
Some legends of the past to breathe,  
Telling of days when round it stood,  
Trees like itself, a sturdy wood,  
That side by side, received the shock  
Of storm and whirlwind like a rock —  
Staying the rough blast in its wrath,  
As if a mountain crossed its path —  
And back the refluxing tempest bore —  
  
Such is yon veteran of fourscore !

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## GOOD AND EVIL.

When man from Paradise was driven,  
And thorns around his pathway sprung,  
Sweet mercy wandering there from Heaven,  
Upon those thorns bright roses flung.

Aye, and as justice cursed the ground,  
She stole behind, unheard, unseen —  
And while the curses fell around,  
She scattered seeds of joy between.

And thus, as evils sprung to light,  
And spread, like weeds, their poisons wide  
Fresh healing plants came blooming bright  
And stood, to check them, side by side.

And now, though Eden blooms afar,  
And man is exiled from its bowers,  
Still mercy steals through bolt and bar,  
And brings away its choicest flowers.



The very toil, the thorns of care,  
That heaven in wrath for sin imposes,  
By mercy changed, no curses are —  
One brings us rest, the other roses.

Thus joy is linked with every wo —  
Each cup of ill its pleasure brings ;  
The rose is crushed, but then you know,  
The sweeter fragrance from it springs.

If justice throw athwart our way,  
A deepening eve of fear and sorrow,  
Hope, like the moon, reflects the ray  
Of the bright sun that shines to-morrow.

And mercy gilds with stars the night ;  
Sweet music plays through weeping willows ;  
The blackest cave with gems is bright,  
And pearls illumine the ocean billows.

The very grave, though clouds may rise  
And shroud it o'er with midnight gloom,  
Unfolds to faith the deep blue skies,  
That glorious shine beyond the tomb !

## DANTE'S BEATRICE,

AS PAINTED BY ALLSTON, AND ENGRAVED BY CHENEY.

The hand of God may mar the outward form,  
And leave the spirit noble, generous, true —  
As a rich diamond in a setting rude,  
Gleaming with heaven-lit lustre, deep and pure.  
And thus, the hunchback I perchance might choose  
To be my friend : but the poor cripple — who  
Hath grimed the soul with love of falsehood ; who  
Hath soiled the immortal gem forever —  
Alas ! the form, dishonored, still doth hold  
A thing more truly worthless than itself !  
Unholy vision of unwelcome dreams !  
From such I turn as from a viper crushed,  
That, writhing, strikes the air with aimless spite —  
And wipe the sullying image from my breast,  
By gazing on this fair creation ; a soul  
Pure as a gem, within a form as pure !  
Fair Beatrice, whom Dante loved ! whose soul  
Could stir his deep-toned lyre, and bid its voice  
Undying linger in the ear of ages —  
To thee I bow ! for on thy holy brow,  
There is a light as from a diamond,  
By God's own finger set ! ———.



BEATRICE.



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There is a light as from a diamond,  
By God's own finger set ! ———.

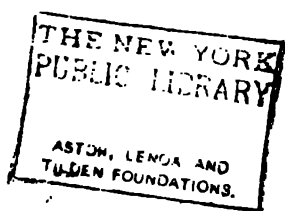


Painted by V. Allason.

Engraved by J. Goussier.

### BEATRICE.

Engraved by Charles Bowen.



## EMBLEMS OF LIFE.

Life is a darkling river, freaked with light —  
Its source in mist, its seeming end in night :  
Yet rolling on, it finds a glorious morrow,  
And flows a joyous tide, undimmed by sorrow.

Life is a flower that hath its bud and bloom —  
Its day of sunshine, and its hour of doom ;  
Yet as the stalk lies withering in the vale,  
The heaven-bent fragrance fills the passing gale.

Life is a wave, by tempests often torn,  
Giving its voice with other waves to mourn —  
Yet the warm sunbeam comes with sparkling dies,  
And woos that wave in vapor to the skies.

Life is a rill — its birth in yonder mountain —  
Its destiny, yon ocean's shoreless fountain —  
Yet the bright drops, untainted in the brine,  
Blend with the billows, and undying shine.

## THE BEE AND BEETLE.

A bee and beetle chanced to meet,  
One sunny day upon a rose —

His neighbor thus the bee did greet,  
Although meanwhile, he held his nose —

‘ I wonder much to meet you here,  
For surely you don’t feast on roses ?’

The beetle answered with a sneer —  
‘ I know the idle fool supposes,

That in a rose there ’s nought but honey.  
You think a flower, so fair to view,

With breath so sweet, and cheek so sunny,  
Is only made for things like you !

But prithee, do not look so sour —  
A thing that hath a nose like mine

May turn the breath of sweetest flower —  
Of rose, carnation, columbine —

To odors fetid as the air,  
Where beetles love to delve and dine :

Each has his gift, for foul or fair —  
You, sir, have yours, and I have mine.’

## SONGS OF NATURE.

I hear the ocean bursting on the shore —  
What melancholy music in that roar !  
What wailing voices swell upon the breeze,  
What phantoms come and whisper of the seas !  
Wild tales they tell of misty ages flown,  
Of depths unfathomed, and of shores unknown ;  
Of ever toiling tides, where tempests frown,  
Of trackless deeps, where God alone looks down.  
And these, the legends of the speeding wave,  
Come to the heart like music from the grave.  
Sad is their tone, and answering deep to deep,  
The soul gives back an echo to its sweep !

The forest tosses in the autumn gale,  
The leaves are scattered and they shroud the vale.  
Voices are on the breeze — and in its breath  
Spirits are singing, but they sing of death.

And who hath tuned these harps of nature ? who

Makes the deep bosom feel their music true ?  
Oh, God ! we hear the anthem of the sea  
And land — and listen, for they speak of Thee !  
They speak of Thee, and man's predestined doom,  
Yet lift the shroud that shadows o'er the tomb :  
They sadden, but they soothe the troubled soul,  
And strike hope's anchor strong, though billows roll.

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## THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

One summer morn, while yet the thrilling lay,  
Of the dew-loving lark was full and strong,  
Trampling the wild flowers in my careless way,  
Up the steep mountain-side I strode along —  
My only guide, a brook whose joyous song  
Seemed like a boy's light-hearted roundelay,  
As down it rushed the leafy bowers among,  
Scattering o'er bud and bloom its pearly spray —  
A beauteous semblance of life's opening day.

And looking back to that all-gladdening morn,  
When I was free and sportive as the stream —  
When roses blushed with no suspected thorn,  
And fancy's sunlight gilded every dream —  
While hope yet shed its sweet delusive beam,  
And disappointment still delayed to warn —  
With fond regret, I still pursued the theme —  
With clambering step still up the steep was borne,  
Too sad to smile, too pleased perchance to mourn.  
And now I stood beside that rivulet's spring,



That came unbidden with a bubbling bound —  
And stealing forth, a gentle trembling thing,  
It seemed an infant fearing all around —  
Yet clinging to its mother's breast — the ground.  
But soon it bolder grew, and with a wing  
It went — its carol was a joyous sound,  
Making the silent woods responsive ring,  
And the far forest-echoes sighing sing.

And now I stood upon the mountain's height —  
Like a wide map, the landscape lay unrolled —  
There could I trace that rivulet's path of light,  
From the steep mountain to the sea of gold ;  
Now leaping o'er the rocks like chamois bold,  
Now like a crouching hare concealed from sight,  
Now hid beneath the willows' bowering fold,  
As if they sought to stay its arrowy flight,  
Then give it forth again more swift and bright.

'Twas changeful — beautiful ; now dark, now fair —  
A tale of life, from childhood to the tomb —  
Its birth-place near the skies, in mountain air,  
Where wild flowers throw around their sweet  
perfume,

Like the blest thoughts that often brightly bloom,  
At home, beneath a mother's culturing care —  
Its form now hid in shadows such as gloom,  
Our downward way — its grave in ocean, where  
It mingles with the wave — a dweller there !

And though that stream be hidden from the view,  
'Tis yet preserved 'neath ocean's briny crest :  
That wide eternity of waves is true —  
And as the planets anchored in their rest,  
The sparkling streamlet lives ; and while unblest,  
The land-wave stagnant lingers — there the blue  
Tide holds the river stainless in its breast —  
An image still of life, that sparkles through  
The starry deep of heaven, forever new.



## NOTE.

Since the first part of this volume was printed, a friend has pointed out some lines at page 31 and 32, which might seem to be borrowed from the far more beautiful stanzas of Brainard, on the death of Professor Fisher, beginning

“ The breath of air that stirs the harp’s soft string”—

Though the rich genius of this lamented poet might well afford to bestow some of its stores in charity, yet as I am unwilling to seem to appropriate another’s thoughts, I beg the reader to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s, if there seems to be occasion for it.

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## ERRATA.

- Page 37, 3rd line from bottom, for *lakes*, read lake's.
- “ 73, 10th line from bottom, for *astors*, read *asters*.
- “ 83, 7th from top, for *steam*, read *stream*.
- “ 110, 3rd line from top, for *marked*, or *maled*, read *marred*.
- “ 114, 7th line from bottom, for *one very*, read *on every*.
- “ 139, 5th line from bottom, for *clapped*, read *clasped*.
- “ 188, 2nd line from top, for *Times's* read *Time's*.



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